V I R U S

by

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Tower Road

BLACK

We hear the introductory chimes of "Radio Moscow's" daily 7 a.m. broadcast. The ANNOUNCER speaks Russian; his only recognizable English utterance is "RADIO MOSCOW."

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN - DAWN

The "AKADEMIC VLADISLAV VOLKOV" floats in a calm blue sea. She is gleaming white, 600 ft. long and dominated by two giant parabolic dish antennas 90 feet above her main deck. One dish rotates skyward in preparation for contact with the MIR SPACE STATION 150 miles directly overhead.

NADIA (v.o.)
(Russian subtitled)
Mir station, Mir station, this is the Akademic Research Vessel Vladislav Volkov. Do you read, over?

Crackling STATIC and a quick reply.

COSMONAUT COLONEL KOMINSKI (v.o.)
(Russian subtitled)
Loud and clear, Volkov. Nadia, is that you, over?

INT. AKADEMIC VOLKOV - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, C DECK - DAY

Dr. NADIA VINOGRADOV, 50, the Volkov's Senior Science Officer, sits at a console with three other scientists. The Volkov's Captain, ALEXI SAGALEVITCH, sips tea behind them.

On mounted video monitors above Nadia is the image of COSMONAUT COLONEL KOMINSKI, 30's.

NADIA
Good morning Colonel. Is your disc array in position?

COSMONAUT COLONEL KOMINSKI
That depends. It's early yet. I haven't yet had my shower and tea.

NADIA
Very funny, Colonel. Your data please?

INT. MIR SPACE STATION - DAY

COLONEL KOMINSKI, in a HOUSTON ROCKETS T-shirt, chuckles and flips overhead switches. He watches Nadia on his monitor.

COSMONAUT COLONEL KOMINSKI
(mock resignation)
Finalizing coordinates as we speak....
(turns to Captain Rostov)
Captain Rostov, prepare for data down-link in 30 seconds.

COSMONAUT CAPTAIN ROSTOV
Yes sir.

EXT. MIR SPACE STATION - DAY

Below, a panoramic view of the central Pacific drifts slowly by as MIR's antenna disc array rotates into position.

INT./EXT. MIR SPACE STATION - DAY

A FEMALE COSMONAUT notices something outside her starboard viewport.

A CRACKLING BLUE MASS, expanding across the earth's horizon, approaches at tremendous speed.

The Female Cosmonaut raises A CAMERA and snaps a picture of whatever is approaching the Mir.

EXT./INT. MIR SPACE STATION - VIEWPORT

We're outside the craft, looking in at the Female Cosmonaut.

COLONEL KOMINSKI (o.s.)
We are 20 seconds from down-link corridor. Mark....

CAPTAIN ROSTOV (o.s.)
Mark. Starting automatic sequencing now...19...18....

FEMALE COSMONAUT
Lonya. Out your starboard port. Something is coming straight at us.

COSMONAUT CAPTAIN ROSTOV joins her, looking out. The CRACKLING BLUE LIGHT reflects in the viewport glass.

COSMONAUT CAPTAIN ROSTOV
What is that? Colonel, you'd better look at this.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The mile long CRACKLING BLUE MASS changes colors as it

closes on the MIR at breakneck speed. We now sense that it possesses intelligence and an independent will; it is an organism of some kind. And IT IS ATTACKING.

The CRACKLING BLUE MASS SWEEPS over the MIR. Arcs of CRACKLING BLUE ELECTRICITY envelope the MIR, and with a SIZZLING JOLT, they surge right inside it.

OMIT
INT. VOLKOV COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - C DECK - DAY

The video monitors linking the Volkov to the MIR suddenly distort. SCREAMS can be heard over STATIC.

NADIA reacts to the SCREAMS and distorted monitors. Puzzled, she stabs several buttons. The monitors BLINK out.

NADIA
Mir Station? Mir Station!?
(turns to Captain Alexi)
Audio and visual link are gone.
Something is very wrong.

INT. MIR STATION - DAY

Amidst the COSMONAUT'S SCREAMS, the MIR'S TRANSMITTER completes its automatic countdown. 3...2...1...BEEP.

EXT. MIR STATION - DAY

The MIR'S TRANSMITTER transmits. The CRACKLING BLUE MASS erupts from the MIR and hurtles toward earth below.

EXT. VOLKOV - DAY

The CRACKLING BLUE MASS screams down through the atmosphere, funneling into the parabolic dish atop the Volkov, hitting it with the same force with which it hit the MIR.

INT. VOLKOV - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Huge blue ELECTRICAL ARCS snap across the control room as the CRACKLING BLUE MASS enters the ship.

Nadia and Captain Alexi watch in awe as the invading energy mass sucks up information from the ship's computers at an incredible rate.

ON THE CONSOLE COMPUTERS, information begins to scroll. Numbers, data, icons, etc. The computer pulls and isolates from the scrolled data, one by one, the Volkov's COMPUTER ACCESS CODES.

NADIA
Captain, someone's pulling our codes, accessing the main computer.

CAPTAIN ALEXI
Impossible. I am the only one who knows them. I'm the only one with the key.

Suddenly, A FLASH OF BLUE LIGHT. Nadia and Alexi are knocked to the floor. Monitors explode. Papers swirl.

CAPTAIN ALEXI
Shut the power off!

A SCIENTIST lunges for the POWER SHUT-OFF SWITCH. A BOLT of BLUE LIGHT strikes him, RIPPING through his torso. He BURSTS into FLAME! The electronic SQUEALING continues.

Nadia SCREAMS, her voice blending with the electronic SQUEAL as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

NADIA'S SCREAM and the ELECTONIC SQUEAL now blend into the ROAR of TYPHOON FORCE WINDS.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ACROSS THE SOUTH PACIFIC - NIGHT

A dark and ominous sky broils. Lightning FLASHES. A class 4 Typhoon with gusts up to 140 m.p.h. whips the ocean into fifty foot swells. SUPER:

Typhoon Leiah, South Pacific
Latitude 17 degrees 41 South,
Longitude 162 degrees 13 East

From TOP of FRAME, the SEA STAR, an ocean going tug pulling a CONTAINER BARGE, slams down, almost totally submerging. The container barge is hit by a 45 foot wave, straining the cables connecting it to the Sea Star's AFT DECK WINCH.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

KELLY "KIT" FOSTER, ship meteorologist and navigator, sits at the radar screen.

FOSTER
Winds gusting to one-forty, Captain. It's getting worse.

CAPTAIN EGERTON stalks nervously from side to side, watching the barge through the bridge rear window. In a holster on

his hip is a Webley .45 revolver.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
PUT 'ER BACK INTO THE WIND, WOODS! 45 DEGREES DOWN SWELL!

Helmsman J.W. WOODS, JR, twirls the wheel. Woods fistfights every time he hits shore, is carrying a week-old black eye from his last encounter, and avoids looking anyone in the eye, especially Foster. In a word, he is weasly.

The ship heads 45 degrees into the swell against the movement of the barge.

EXT. SEA STAR - NIGHT

CRASH! Another huge wave hits the Sea Star.

INT. SEA STAR - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Below decks STEVE BAKER, chief engineer, and his assistant SQUEAKY brace themselves against the lurch of the ship. The hull RUMBLES from the shock. Steve runs his fingers along the aft bulkhead weld seam. They come away wet.

STEVE
Captain should've replaced this welding.

They walk around, inspecting the place, grumbling.

SQUEAKY
He *should've* replaced the whole damn hull plate in Guam before we left, like we asked.

STEVE
How could we be so stupid to sign up with this guy! We're pullin' ten million worth of steel a hundred miles from any normal shipping lane. He hires us in a bar, sight unseen, no questions asked....

INT. SEA STAR - AFT PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

STEVE AND SQUEAKY move from the engine room into the aft passageway. Squeaky pulls the heavy steel door shut and latches it behind them. The ship lurches.

STEVE (cont'd)
...our Helmsmen's a weasel, our navigator's a Navy wash-out and a *female* for christ sakes, the rest of the crew is a little strange....

SQUEAKY
To put it mildly.

STEVE
...and we're all on percentage 'cause there's no money for salaries.

SQUEAKY
At least our one percent equals a hundred grand - that's more than either of us have seen the last five years.

STEVE
Let's stop complaining and work on one thing.

SQUEAKY
What's that?

STEVE
Surviving this storm.

INT. SEA STAR - GALLEY - NIGHT

"Back in the USSR" BLASTS from a stereo. RICO, a 6-4, heavily tattooed Samoan is wedged against the wall eating rice and beans. A SOMOAN BATTLE-AXE hangs from his belt. Rico adjusts his plate against the ship's sway and shovels down another forkful while intently watching --

Deckhand RICHIE, constructing a Rube Goldberg contraption consisting of a match, a rubber band, a salt shaker, and a small mouse trap.

EXT. SEA STAR - NIGHT

Another 40-footer hits the Sea Star. The ship RUMBLES.

INT. SEA STAR - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

A wall I-beam CREAKS and BENDS. The engine room wall (containing the engine room door) BUCKLES.

INT. SEA STAR - GALLEY - NIGHT

Steve and Squeaky enter, lurching. We HEAR THE SOUND OF

CREAKING METAL. Steve grabs the intercom. Clicks it on.

STEVE
Hey Woods, I'm disappointed! I thought the plan was to hit *every* goddamn swell in the South Pacific! Give the ship a break before you break her back!
(hangs up mic)
Moron.

RICHIE finishes his contraption. He pops the mousetrap with a fork, which pulls a match head across the salt shaker's holes. The whole thing flips and the lit match comes to rest between his fingers. He lights a JOINT.

Steve and Squeaky, in the threshold, watch this.

RICO
You're a strange duck, Richie.

RICHIE
That's saying something, coming from the human wall of graffiti over here....
(re: Rico's Samoan tattoos)
I mean are you people actually under the impression that those things are attractive....?

Rico scowls and begins to rise, menacingly.

STEVE
That's enough. Rico, eat your beans.

SQUEAKY
Richie, where ya learn to do stuff like that?

RICHIE
Six years with the Seventh fleet. Weapon's Technology Specialist, First Class.

STEVE
(pours a cup of coffee)
A Navy Man on this scow? What happened?

Richie inhales deeply, exhaling the word:

RICHIE
Drugs.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Another wave. Captain Egerton, Woods, and Foster brace themselves. Woods, one hand on the wheel, pours whiskey from his flask into his coffee cup. Gulps a mouthful.

EXT. SEA STAR BARGE - NIGHT

A huge swell SMASHES the barge. The 1000 lb. weight holding down the towing cable JUMPS above the surface. The towing cable tightens. The increased drag stops the Sea Star dead, breaching her to the sea.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

FOSTER
Captain, the barge is taking on water.
(beat)
Captain?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
We're not releasing the cargo, Foster, end of conversation.

Captain Egerton looks at the barge, gulping coffee. Foster nervously turns back to her radar screen.

EXT. SEA STAR - NIGHT

A HUGE WAVE hits the deck, SNAPPING off the SEA STAR'S ANTENNA at its base and SMASHING into the wing bridge.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Egerton is thrown into the chart table, spilling his coffee across Foster's charts. He gets up and rushes to the bridge's rear window. Foster stands up to look.

EXT. SEA STAR - DECK-MOUNTED TOWING WINCH - NIGHT

The plate holding down the SHIP'S TOWING WINCH throws a bolt. The unbolted winch rips a hole in the 3/4 inch steel deck. Water gushes down into the below-deck ENGINE ROOM.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

FOSTER
The winch is breaking loose. It's ripping up the deck!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(watching the barge nervously)
I'm not blind. Calm down and man your station. I've been through worse seas than this. Woods, stay down swell.

Woods cranks the wheel hard to the right, looks up to see:

WOODS' POV - through the Bridge's front window is A WALL OF WATER. The biggest wave he's ever seen.

WOODS' MOUTH drops open.

WOODS
GREEN WATER!

EXT. OCEAN - STORM - NIGHT

The towering wave slowly rises above the Sea Star. It CRASHES over the ship, completely submerging it.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

WHAM! Coffee and whiskey spill from Woods' cup.

INT. SEA STAR - BELLY OF THE SHIP - NIGHT

The huge steel bulkhead BUCKLES under the force.

EXT. SEA STAR BARGE - NIGHT

The HUGE WAVE SMASHES down on the barge. One end LURCHES into the air. Six containers SLIDE off the top of the load and CRASH into the sea.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Egerton watches the CONTAINERS submerge and sink. He's in a state of utter desperation now.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
If you had put us on a right course...!

FOSTER
You put us on this course, Captain! Don't put the blame on me!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(steps forward with menace)
Foster, I'm the owner and Captain of this ship and *goddamn it*, I'll have your respect.

WOODS
Captain, we're takin' on water. I can feel it. I'm losing her...

EXT. SEA STAR - DECK-MOUNTED TOWING WINCH - NIGHT

In the swirling water, the winch plate BENDS up even further. Water GUSHES down into the engine room.

INT. SEA STAR - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Water floods in. The engine room ALARMS BLARE.

INT. SEA STAR - GALLEY - NIGHT

ALARMS BLARE. Steve, Squeaky, Rico and Richie exchange a glance and dash for the engine room.

OMIT
INT. AFT PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE THE ENGINE ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

Steve reaches the engine room door first and SLAMS his hand down on the latch. It's jammed and won't budge. Steve pushes harder, scanning the edge of the door.

STEVE
It's buckled!

Steve looks in the porthole.

INT. SEA STAR - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

At the aft bulkhead and hull, water continues GUSHING in.
OMIT
OMIT
INT. SEA STAR - AFT PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

RICHIE
If water gets to those generators and stalls the engine, we're fuckin' dead.

STEVE
Rico, get a torch and cut the door off. I'm going above.

Steve bolts for the bridge.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The engine room ALARM blares in the b.g.; RED WARNING LIGHTS FLASH. Foster turns from the FLASHING LIGHTS to --

FOSTER'S POV OF THE BARGE - more cargo containers are washing away. The barge is clearly sinking.

Foster looks at Captain Egerton, thinking, then turns to her weather monitors and radar screens.

CLOSE UP - FOSTER'S RADAR SCREEN - We see graphics of the typhoon. A CALM AREA represents the eye of the storm. Foster calls up the coordinates of the EYE and calculates a new course, computing speed and distance.

FOSTER
Captain, the huricane's eye is 290 degrees North-north-west. Captain!

Captain Egerton, not listening, is staring in shock at --

EXT. BARGE - STORM - NIGHT

More containers sinking beneath the waves.

INT. BRIDGE - STORM - NIGHT

FOSTER
Captain! Once we enter the eye we'll have calm seas for almost two hours. We can make repairs and steady the barge.

WOODS
(no response)
Captain, I need an answer.

Steve rushes onto the bridge.

STEVE
What the hell's happening here? The engine room's taking water!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
You're the engineer, Baker. Pump it out.

STEVE
We can't *get in*. The bulkhead took a hit and the door's wedged tight. We're cutting it now.
(looks out the rear window)
The barge! You've gotta be shitting me.

EXT. SEA STAR BARGE - NIGHT

STEVE'S POV - THE BARGE is listing and sinking.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

STEVE
I'm going out and cutting it loose.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
That isn't an option. Get below.
That's an order, Baker.

WOODS
Captain, should I head for the eye? I need an answer!

STEVE
Captain I'll put it real simple for you: if that barge sinks, we sink with it.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
A chance I'll take.

Steve moves down the stairwell to the door. Egerton draws his sidearm. Points it at Steve.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Move away from that door.

STEVE
What's so precious about that cargo? The insurance company'll eat the loss. Am I missing something here?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(hissing)
The cargo's mine. I leveraged everything I own. And it isn't insured.

Steve and Foster stare at Egerton in stunned disbelief. Steve goes for the door again. Egerton COCKS THE HAMMER.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
I'm warning you, Baker.

STEVE
I go out that door, you'll shoot me. I stay here, I'll drown. Tough choice.

Steve exits. Egerton can't pull the trigger. Foster, staring daggers at Egerton, rushes out after Steve.

EXT. SEA STAR - AFT DECK - NIGHT

Steve drags two acetylene tanks from a storage locker.

WAVES wash over him. Foster joins him. They YELL over the CRASH OF THE WAVES.

STEVE
I don't need your help! Get back inside!

Foster hands him a safety harness.

FOSTER
Put this on!

Steve takes the harness.
Another wave washes the deck. When it clears, Steve dashes for the winch, dragging the acetylene gas-lines behind him.

Another wave hits the ship, SMASHING into the lifeboat. The lifeboat is knocked off its mount, hitting Steve, knocking him sprawling across the deck.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Egerton and Woods are KNOCKED against the wall.

INT. SEA STAR - ENGINE ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

SPARKS fly from the acetylene torch. The engine room door collapses with a SPLASH, revealing Richie, Rico and Squeaky. Water rushes out. The engine room's waist deep in water.

SQUEAKY
We gotta get the bilge ports open.

Squeaky dives under the waist deep water.

UNDERWATER - Squeaky turns the wheel that opens the bilge pumps.

SQUEAKY pops back up.

SQUEAKY
START THE PUMPS!

Richie hits a switch by the door. The BILGE PUMP ELECTRIC MOTORS come on.

EXT. SEA STAR - AFT DECK - NIGHT

Steve comes up GAGGING and spitting salt water, his hands desperately searching for something to grip. Suddenly:

A HAND reaches for him. Foster, hooked to the safety cable

next to him, pulls Steve to safety.

ANOTHER WAVE CRASHES over the stern. The rear of the tug is YANKED sideways. THE WINCH rips up the deck further.

The TOWING CABLE SNAPS, with a whip-like TWAPP! RIPP! It shreds through a 55 gallon drum. Red hydraulic fluid SPRAYS from the gash.

THE BARGE disappears under a swell and is gone.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Egerton stares at the sinking barge, his world collapsing. He sees Foster and Steve go below decks.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Woods. Enter in the ship's log. 04:00 hours. Captain jettisoned cargo barge to preserve the lives of Sea Star crew. Captain was unaware of typhoon conditions, owing to the failure of Meteorological Officer Kelly Foster.

Egerton, head bowed, world in ruin, heads for the stairwell.

WOODS
Captain, what about Foster's idea? We can reach the eye.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Do whatever you feel is necessary.

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

The Sea Star bobs low in the water, engines off, a single generator quietly HUMMING. In the b.g., four miles behind them, the horizon is a bank of fog. The sun shines. Mildly pitching water. An eerie quiet.

RICHIE (v.o.)
Weird. I've never been in the eye of a hurricane before. You, Baker?

STEVE (v.o.)
First for me.

FOSTER (v.o.)
Typhoon. In the South Pacific it's called a typhoon.

EXT. SEA STAR - WING BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie and Foster inspect the broken antenna. It's obvious it cannot be repaired. Richie holds two pieces of the shattered transceiver. He sighs in total frustration.

RICHIE
This thing's history.

FOSTER
Can you cross-solder the wires...?

RICHIE
I don't talk to you about navigation, don't talk to me about electronics, okay?
(tosses down the two pieces, turns, and stops)
Look, Foster, I'm pissed we lost the load. I needed the money.

FOSTER
We all did.

CAMERA TILTS to show Steve and Squeaky on the deck below.

STEVE
Foster, can I talk to you a minute?

EXT. SEA STAR - DECK - EYE OF STORM - DAY

Foster joins Steve as he carries a steel plate aft.

STEVE
I know you thought you were doing the right thing, but I had it together. I was fine.

FOSTER
You had it.

STEVE
I was fine, I didn't need your help.

FOSTER
You didn't.

STEVE
No, so uhh, next time I tell you to get back, get back.

Steve walks off. She gives him a look.

Squeaky comes by carrying a SCUBA tank and dive gear.

SQUEAKY
He's not a dick once you know him.
(Foster's look is unresponsive)
Okay, since he won't say it, I will: thanks for saving his life.

They exchange a weary smile.

EXT. SEA STAR - STARBOARD SIDE AND DECK - DAY

BUBBLES surface next to the starboard hull. Squeaky surfaces in dive gear, lifts up his face mask, and looks up at the entire crew assembled on deck.

SQUEAKY
It's bad.

STEVE
Define bad.

SQUEAKY
We're sinking.

RICHIE
That's bad.
(to Foster)
How far to the nearest beach?

FOSTER
110 nautical miles to Flint Island.

RICO stares off toward the STORM on the horizon.

RICHIE
So what do we do now?

Everybody's eyes gravitate to the empty lifeboat mount.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - DAY

FOSTER
Mayday. Mayday. Mayday. This is MV SEA STAR Uniform Fox-trot Juliet India - Latitude one seven zero degrees ten South. Longitude one six one degrees East. Taking on water in heavy seas.
(clicks to "receive," hearing only static)
Mayday, mayday, mayday...

INT. SEA STAR - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Squeaky, Steve, and Richie stand waist-deep in water. The pumps, on FULL, shoot water out the deck hatch. The water level isn't lowering.

SQUEAKY
It's comin' in faster than it's goin' out.

STEVE
Let's ready the zodiac and break out the survival gear.

RICHIE
Where the hell's the Captain?

INT. SEA STAR - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Captain Egerton is at his desk, staring straight at the wall, his brow dappled with beads of sweat.

His financial records lie scattered in front of him.
He looks at the SIDEARM sitting on the desk.
He picks it up and slowly chambers a round.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - DAY

The entire crew is now on the bridge. A tense silence; everyone mulls over their predicament.

WOODS
Mayday, mayday, mayday. Fucking VHF twenty-mile-range-piece-of-shit....

Foster adjusts the radar, widening the monitor's range. Suddenly a BLIP appears at the edge of the screen.

FOSTER
Wait a minute! I'm picking up a ship. It's in the eye with us.

Foster moves the cursor to the BLIP. Clicks twice. The screen gives the BLIP'S speed and coordinates.

FOSTER
Distance 12 nautical miles bearing 047 degrees. Speed 0 knots. Appears to be dead in the water. And it's big.
(looks up)
Really big.

STEVE
Hail 'em.

Woods exits hurriedly. Foster grabs the mike.

FOSTER
Ahoy vessel at latitude one eight degrees South, longitude one six zero degrees East, this is Sea Star. We are twelve miles south southwest of your position, come back.

INT. SEA STAR - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Egerton slowly raises the gun to his temple.
Begins to squeeze the trigger.
There's a knock on the door.

WOODS (o.s.)
Captain. CAPTAIN.

EGERTON
Yes?

WOODS (o.s.)
There's a ship with us in the eye!
Twelve miles out!

EGERTON
I...I'll be with you in a moment.

Egerton stands. Holsters the gun. Exits.

INT. SEA STAR - BRIDGE - DAY

STEVE
Why isn't this thing moving, Woods?

Captain Egerton enters. The others look at him. He nods to Woods.

WOODS
Fuckin-A, Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

The waterlogged Sea Star, now visibly lower in the water, chugs through the fog. Rico, Richie, and Steve stand at the bow. Captain Egerton's on the flying wing bridge. Everyone peers into the fog.

INT./EXT. SEA STAR BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Foster's at the radar screen.

FOSTER
Dead ahead 300 yards!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Woods, hail it!

WOODS
(into mike)
Unidentified vessel, this is the Sea Star approaching you South-south-west, 300 yards out. Come back.

A pause. Everybody listens. No response.

EXT. SEA STAR - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton turns to the crew on the bow.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
DEAD AHEAD, 300 YARDS!

RICO
I don't see anything.
(an upside down, half sunken LIFEBOAT drifts by)
That ain't ours.

Everybody turns their eyes back up.

EXT. VOLKOV AND SEA STAR - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

A large LIGHT GRAY FORM looms over the Sea Star, enshrouded in mist. And slowly we reveal --

The 640 ft. ACADEMIC VLADISLAV VOLKOV coming at us backward, dead silent, its giant spider-like cranes CREAKING slightly. A ghost ship, not a sign of life. She's totally changed from the first time we saw her.

EXT. SEA STAR - FORE DECK - DAY

The Sea Star crew (except Woods who's at the helm) stare at the Russian ship. Captain Egerton peers through binoculars.

RICHIE
The lifeboats are gone.
(pause)
All of 'em.

The ship's name comes into view across the stern. Red Cyrillic letters against the white hull.

FOSTER
It looks Russian.
(grabs "JANE'S" and starts flipping through; finds it)
The "Akademic Vladislav Volkov Missile and Satellite Tracking Ship." 45,000 tons full gross. Length: 642 feet. Propulsion: 2 steam turbines, 19,000 horsepower. 17 knots top speed. Fuel capacity: Not known. Ships compliment: 300. Armament: none.

The Sea Star moves around THE VLADISLAV VOLKOV. Everyone stares at it. It is truly impressive.

FOSTER (v.o. cont'd)
She's fitted for scientific purposes. Their biggest. 42 labs. The two dishes can maintain simultaneous communication with several space craft.

Captain Egerton raises the bullhorn to his mouth.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
AHOY VLADISLAV VOLKOV! THIS IS THE CAPTAIN OF THE SEA STAR! ANYONE ABOARD?! AHOY!...
(they wait; no response)
Baker, break out the Zodiac... And bring a shotgun.

EXT. SEA STAR ZODIAC - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve steers the Zodiac, containing Captain Egerton, Foster, Richie and Squeaky. All eyes are glued to the giant Russian ship. Her metal cranes CREAK in the wind.

RICHIE
(growing excitement)
I don't care what JANE'S says. I studied ships like this. This is a fuckin' spy ship, man. They're not gonna like us comin' aboard.

Foster eases the barrel of Richie's gun away from her face.

FOSTER
Do you mind?

EXT. SEA STAR AND DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

THE "SEA STAR" name is sinking below the waterline. CAMERA TILTS UP to Woods and Rico on the deck, nervously watching the Zodiac disappear to the Volkov's other side.

WOODS
(on walkie)
Captain? You see anything, Captain?

CAPTAIN EGERTON (V.O.)
You'll be the first to know, Woods.

EXT. VLADISLAV VOLKOV - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

LOOKING DOWN: Across one of the huge ninety foot dish antennas, as the Zodiac passes slowly below.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
AHOY VOLKOV! ANYONE ABOARD?

EXT. ZODIAC - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(to Steve)
Throw up a line.

EXT. VLADISLAV VOLKOV - EYE OF STORM - DAY

The Zodiac sits below the hulking Russian vessel. The light is fading. The storm is fast approaching.

Steve fires a rifle-propelled GRAPPLING LINE over the rail of the Vladislav Volkov.

RICHIE
You know, this is trespass on foreign soil. We need the Captain's permission to board her. They can legally shoot us. Just want everyone to know that....

EXT. SIDE OF VOLKOV - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve and Squeaky pull themselves up the Volkov's side. Steve carries a shotgun and a utility bag slung over his shoulder. The two are dwarfed by the huge ship.

EXT. VLADISLAV VOLKOV - MAIN DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve stands at the railing.

SQUEAKY
Boarding a ship without permission? Stupid, very stupid. We're gonna get shot.

STEVE
AHOY THE BRIDGE - ANYONE ABOARD!

The bridge is riddled with bullet holes. At least two windows have been shot out. Behind him, the last two to board, Richie and the Captain pull themselves on deck.

EXT. VOLKOV - WING BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton pokes the muzzle of his shotgun through the open door of the bridge and slowly pushes it back. A SUDDEN FLURRY OF FEATHERS as a half-dozen TERNS burst out through the open door, scaring the hell out of all involved.

INT. VOLKOV - BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton enters even more cautiously, followed by the others. All but Foster carry weapons.

Steve sees a switch panel on the wall. Tries to decipher the Cyrillic letters. Snaps several back and forth.

STEVE
Power's out.

Steve drops the utility bag on the floor, pulls out a FLASHLIGHT and STRAFES the dark corners of the room.

The place is a mess. Instruments and radios are smashed. Spatters of blood on the walls and floor. Dead silence.

STEVE
What the fuck happened here...?

Everyone walks around the damage, considering possibilities.

FOSTER
Pirates?

SQUEAKY
Nah. Mutiny.

RICHIE
Great theory, Squeak. "Today in the South Pacific, three hundred mutinous Russian sailors killed each other....."

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Pipe down, Richie.
(they do so)
Foster, check the radio.

FOSTER
(holds up smashed radio)
Smashed.
(holds up log book)
The logs are useless unless anyone here reads Russian.
(looks out the window at STORM CLOUDS on the horizon)
Captain, we've got less than an hour.
(no response)
Captain?

Egerton is walking around, deep in thought.

RICHIE
He's thinking, Foster. Are you thinking what I think you're thinking, Captain?

SQUEAKY
Thinkin' what?

RICHIE
Salvage.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
She's abandoned in international waters. Maritime law says she's a derelict. All we have to do is tow her to safety, slap a salvage lien on her, and the Russian government's gotta pay us ten percent of her value to get her back. Richie, put a number on this.

RICHIE
Let's see. Two satellite dishes, 40 labs, all primed with state o' the art stuff, we're talkin'....at least two or three hundred million.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
300 million dollars. Ten percent of that's 30 million, and that's what's comin' our way. The opportunity of a lifetime. If we play our cards right.

WOODS
One percent of 30 million is....uh, what....thirty grand?

RICHIE
Three *hundred* grand, bonehead.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
I'm willing to change that. Cut all of you in for ten percent. A cool three million each. What do you think?

Everyone looks at each other.

RICO
Is it legal?

RICHIE
Totally.

RICO
Then I'm in.

WOODS
Me too.

RICHIE
Make that three.

SQUEAKY
(turns to Steve)
Steve?

STEVE
(pause, turns to Egerton)
Yeah. I guess so. Sure we're in.

Foster's left, everyone looks at her. She nods reluctantly.

FOSTER
Okay.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Baker, find the ship generators, we'll need power to the bridge. See if you can get the main engines running. Squeaky, go with him.

Steve hands everyone flashlights and walkie-talkies. He straps an ammo belt around his shoulder.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Richie, throw a line to the tug, have her turn the ship into the wind. Foster, see if you can get some of this navigational equipment working.

Everyone begins to exit.

FOSTER
By the way, I know something about salvage law - if there's anyone alive on this ship, we can't take custody of her.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Then let's not find anyone alive.

FOSTER
What's that mean?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Just that I hope we don't find anyone alive. Woods, come back....

Foster watches Captain Egerton narrowly, something about the tone of this last remark....

OMIT
INT. VOLKOV CORRIDOR - A DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Darkness, illuminated only by Steve's and Squeaky's flashlights. Beams slice through the corridor. At the end is A DOOR bent off its hinges.

SQUEAKY
Jesus!

They pass through the doorway.

STEVE
Stay close. You see anybody, don't assume they're friendly.

INT. VOLKOV - (LAB) ROOM, A DECK

Steve and Squeaky look in another room. Here again are cut cables, smashed equipment, stuff strewn all over the floor.

SQUEAKY
These were cut with an ax. This is creepy man. I'm not likin' this at all.

INT. VOLKOV STAIRWELL, A/B DECK

Steve and Squeaky move down a stairway. More blood.

SQUEAKY
Please God, don't let us find any bodies.

EXT. BOW OF VOLKOV AND SEA STAR - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie directs the Sea Star (with Woods at the helm) into tugging position. He throws down a rope. Rico catches it and ties it to the bow capstan of the Sea Star.

INT. VOLKOV STAIRWELL, C/D DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve and Squeaky move down a dark stairwell.

STEVE
I've got a bad feeling about this. It just doesn't add up. There's something else going on here.
(stops)
Squeak, who do you think we can trust?

SQUEAKY
Forget the Captain. Woods too. Richie looks like a waste case, but I gotta admit - he's sharp, man, like a fox. I think he's okay. Rico, I can't tell yet. Foster's good.

STEVE
In what sense?

SQUEAKY
She's solid. On the level.
(beat)
What'd you *think* I meant, like, do I find her *attractive*?

STEVE
Yeah. Do you?

SQUEAKY
Sure, I'd go for it. How 'bout you?

STEVE
Hadn't really thought about.

SQUEAKY
Yeah *right*, hadn't really thought about it....

They come to the bottom of the stairwell. Steve shines his flashlight on a wall-mounted deck chart. Squints at the Russian letters and studies the schematic.

STEVE
The engine room should be here. One deck down.

INT. VOLKOV - ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Two FLASHLIGHTS cut the darkness.

SQUEAKY (O.S.)
Over here!

The TWO BEAMS join at the main turbine. This is the largest turbine on an ocean-going vessel. One giant mother. Steve steps next to it. Studies it a moment. Finds the fuel boost pump. Primes it. Presses a button. NOTHING. Squeaky checks the wiring harness. It's been cut.

SQUEAKY
Hold on a sec.
(without hesitation reconnects the splayed wires)
Try it now.

Steve presses the starter button. VROOOM! It starts. Steve smiles. They have power.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

In the dark, several SCREENS LIGHT UP. Along with the electronic SQUEAL, we hear the signature sound of the Mother Computer, a low-pitched HUMMM. Suddenly there's a huge electrical discharge. 20 foot BLUE ELECTRICAL ARCS crisscross the room in every direction.

INT. WORKSHOP, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Here, too, in the dark, an AUTOMATED WORKSHOP suddenly JUMPS into activity. Robotic arms SWING, welding torches LIGHT and SPARK, backed by the dim sound of the electronic SQUEAL. The machinery operates at full speed.

INT. VOLKOV BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Power surges to the bridge. The Captain and Foster look

around as LIGHTS, INSTRUMENTS, MONITORS blink ON. FANS REV, COMPUTER CONSOLES click and churn, BOOTING UP. Video surveillance CAMERAS rise on their mounts.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
That's more like it.

From deep in the ship we can just make out the electronic SQUEAL. The SQUEAL reaches the bridge. It's DEAFENING. Foster covers her ears. It abruptly stops.

FOSTER
What the hell was that?

The Captain ignores her, picks up his walkie, clicks it on.

INT. ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve's walkie CRACKLES to life.

CAPTAIN EGERTON (V.O.)
Good job, Baker, we're lit up like a pinball machine.

STEVE
(to Squeaky)
Let's get the main engines running.

EXT. VOLKOV WING BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton watches the Sea Star push the Volkov's bow.

UNDER THE WING BRIDGE - A SMALL VIDEO CAMERA pans to watch the Sea Star's progress.

Captain Egerton senses something. He turns.

INT. VOLKOV BRIDGE

The computer monitors are flipping over information like a slot machine in motion.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
What's happening?

Foster walks over to the computer screens. She presses a few keys. The computer doesn't respond.

FOSTER
Someone else is running this.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Looks like it's running itself.

FOSTER
Computers don't run themselves.

ON THE SCREEN: Cyrillic letters race across the monitor. They suddenly stop on an icon of a ship's anchor. The ICON starts to blink RED.

Foster punches more keys, trying to get it to stop.

EXT. VOLKOV DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie continues directing Woods. The Sea Star pushes the Volkov's bow into the wind. Richie hears the RATTLE of the anchor chain. He looks in shock at --

The Volkov's 20 TON ANCHOR plummets down on Rico standing on the Sea Star deck. Rico hears it coming and looks up.

RICO'S POV - The anchor and chain drop on him.

Rico dives out of the way.

EXT. SEA STAR - AFT DECK - DAY

CRASH! The anchor rips through the Sea Star's weakened deck.

OMIT
EXT. UNDERWATER VIEW OF HULL - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

The ANCHOR RIPS through the steel bottom RIGHT PAST CAMERA.

EXT. BOW OF THE VOLKOV - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie watches, his eyes popping. He clicks on his walkie talkie and starts screaming:

RICHIE
EMERGENCY TOP DECK! THE ANCHOR HIT THE TUG! RIPPED A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH HER! SHE'S SINKIN' LIKE A STONE!

EXT. VOLKOV - BRIDGE STAIRS TO DECK - EYE OF STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton and Foster race down to the deck.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(into walkie)
BAKER! BAKER DID YOU COPY? GET UP HERE!

INT. VOLKOV ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

The engine room is lit. All the generators and turbines are running. Steve has his walkie to his ear.

STEVE
COPY, I'M ON MY WAY!
(runs off)
Squeaky, stay tight! Any sign of trouble, don't play the hero. Hot-foot it up to the deck!

Squeaky gives Steve a "thumbs up" as Steve races out.

EXT. SEA STAR - FORE DECK - DAY

The Sea Star is going down fast. Rico staggers up the deck in terrible pain. He stops. AN 8 INCH CHUNK OF WOOD DECKING is impaled in his leg. He grips it; pulls it out.

Rico GRIMACES and continues struggling up the deck.

EXT. VOLKOV DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie throws over a life preserver and marker.

EXT. SEA STAR - FORE DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Rico, weakened and in agony, collapses on the deck. Woods, terrified of going down with the Sea Star, races past Rico across the deck.

RICO
Woods, I can't make it. Where you goin'? Come back here goddamn it!

Woods dives off the ship and swims for the life preserver.

EXT. SEA STAR - DAY

The Sea Star, stern first, is sinking. Water spurts up through the aperture where the anchor pierced the deck.

The anchor chain SNAPS from the VOLKOV'S ANCHOR EYE. The chain PLUNGES to the Sea Star's deck.

EXT. VOLKOV - DECK - DAY

Steve sprints across the Volkov's deck to the railing. He sees Rico going down with the Sea Star.

OMIT
EXT. SEA STAR SINKING INTO OCEAN - DAY

The Sea Star's almost submerged. Rico is desperately gripping her bridge railing until it, too,.....goes under.

WOODS, on the life preserver a safe distance away, watches as the Sea Star dissappears in a BURST OF BUBBLES.

Tense momments pass. Finally Rico BOBS to the surface. He struggles, trying to keep afloat. Debris from the sunken Sea Star starts to surface all around him.

EXT. VOLKOV - SIDE AND DECK - DAY

STEVE DIVES fifty feet off the top deck.

FOSTER races past Captain Egerton to the bridge stair landing and sprints to the railing, looking down at --

OMIT
EXT. OCEAN SURFACE

STEVE, holding Rico around the neck, swims for the VOLKOV all the while eyeing Woods, safely bobbing 50 feet away.

EXT. VOLKOV DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

TILT DOWN from the Volkov's 90-ft. antenna dish to Richie, as he enters frame, checking his shotgun. He snaps it back -- CLANK!

RICHIE
That anchor didn't drop by itself.
Someone else is on this ship.

Foster examines Rico's leg.

RICO
I'll be all right.

FOSTER
Not without about twenty stitches. We gotta find the sick bay.

WOODS
That coulda been me, ya know.

Steve and Rico give the cowardly Woods a look of contempt. Steve switches on his walkie.

SQUEAKY (v.o.)
Steve, Squeaky. What the hell happened?

STEVE
The tug's gone, Squeak. Sunk.

SQUEAKY (v.o.)
Well that sucks. I got some news for you guys. This ship is automated. Everything runs itself.

STEVE
It isn't running by itself. We think somebody else is on the ship. They sank the tug. Bolt the door and don't let anybody in there. We'll be there in a minute, okay?

SQUEAKY (c.o.)
Copy that.

Steve clicks off his walkie, turns to the others.

STEVE
Let's divide up into two groups and root 'em out.

FOSTER
I agree with Steve.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Wait a minute, I'm still captain here.

STEVE
You were Captain of the Sea Star.
(beat)
Which just sank.

Captain Egerton and Steve lock eyes.

EGERTON
Now you listen to me, Baker: I'm willing to overlook what happened in the past, but I'm still ranking officer on this vessel.

EGERTON (cont'd)
(looks hard at Steve)
Do we have a problem with that?
(silence)
Richie, Woods, go down to the engine room and back up Squeaky. Baker, Foster and I will take Rico to the medical bay and dress that wound. Let's move.

Captain Egerton walks off. Everyone looks at him.

INT. ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Squeaky checks the engine room's watertight door, making sure it's bolted. In the room's far corner, a video camera pans, following Squeaky, watching him.

POV - SQUEAKY ON VIDEO CAMERA - Squeaky lights a cigarette, checks his pistol. Someone or some*thing* is watching him.

INT. A DECK - CORRIDOR - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve supports Rico. Captain and Foster examine the wall ship's DECK CHART, not unlike a shopping mall floor map. Foster's FLASHLIGHT GLINTS off the Cyrillic lettering.

FOSTER
I can't tell the sick bay from the mess hall. Any suggestions?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Probably here or....here. We'll have to look.

EXT. VOLKOV - AFT DECK - DAY

Richie and Woods arrive at a stairwell hatch. Richie reaches down and yanks the latch. It won't budge.

RICHIE
It's jammed. This is gettin' boring.

Woods tries it, it won't open because --

INT. OTHER SIDE OF AFT DECK DOOR - DAY

-- it's just been welded shut; the hot seams around the door are still smoking. We hear flies BUZZING. TILT DOWN TO a cable being dragged across TWO DECOMPOSING BODIES, charred beyond recognition. The cable is pulled into darkness.

EXT. VOLKOV - AFT DECK - DAY

Richie turns to Woods.

RICHIE
Let's try those.

They move up the deck trying doors. All are locked tight.

INT. STAIRS TO B DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton, Rico, Steve, and Foster continue down into the ship. Steve and Foster support Rico down the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL, A DECK LANDING - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

A door swings open revealing Richie and Woods with FLASHLIGHTS. They step inside, onto a stairwell landing. Woods SHINES his flashlight down into the darkness. Richie cracks a cyalume stick, shakes it, and drops it down the stairwell. The flaming stick drops five decks.

INT. E DECK - BOTTOM OF STAIRWELL - ANGLE ON BOTTOM DECK

The cyalume stick BOUNCES off the metal floor. What Richie and Woods cannot see are DROID-LIKE CREATURES which scurry away in all directions like cockroaches.

INT. STAIRWELL, A DECK LANDING

Richie and Woods, guns at the ready, descend the stairway.

WOODS
Where's this go?

RICHIE
Down, dumbfuck.

INT. ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Squeaky sits on a stool admiring the Volkov's engine. He suddenly feels uncomfortable - that someone's watching him. His eyes dart around the room. Nothing. He shrugs it off, just getting a little spooked. Drags off his cigarette.

Something SCUTTLES across the room behind him and disappears between two generators. Squeaky wheels around at the sound. He can't see anything, but the SCUTTLING SOUND persists.

SQUEAKY
HEY! Somebody there?

An ELECTRICAL CABLE disappears down an access hole in the floor. Squeaky sees this. He puts down his walkie, stubs his cigarette, turns on his flashlight, walks to the hole, and sticks the light in. He squeezes forward through the mass of cables. SUDDENLY the cables pull tight around him.

SQUEAKY
What the fuck!

The cables pull tighter. Squeaky's jerked through the hole.

INT. B DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton and Steve support Rico along the corridor. They come to a door. Foster opens it.

INT. MESS HALL, B DECK - DAY

Foster shines her flashlight around the cavernous room. Food still on the tables, half-eaten sausages, borscht, bread, tea. They all step inside. Rico picks up a piece of bread, takes a bite. It's pretty good.

STEVE
We don't know what happened here. Don't drink anything. Don't eat anything.

Rico spits out the bread.

UNDER A TABLE - The silhouette of a droid SCUTTLES in the darkness. They don't see or hear it. The Captain sees something. He steps near the table. A box of COCO PUFFS. He slips it under his coat. They move on.

INT. C DECK OUTSIDE WEAPONS LOCKER - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie's flashlight catches a GLINTING OBJECT on the floor. A PADLOCK. Richie leans into FRAME and picks it up. Richie examines it. It's been cut. Richie looks suspiciously at the door next to him.

RICHIE
Hmmm. It's here.

WOODS
What's here?

Richie pulls open the door. Smiles.

RICHIE
Weapons locker.

He shines his flashlight in. Racks of AK-47s, RPGs. But some of the weapons slots are empty.

WOODS
How'd you know?

RICHIE
Always next to the officer's quarters.

INT. CORRIDOR/DOOR INTO MEDICAL LAB, B DECK - DAY

Foster throws open a door. SNAPS the lights on. The bright lights fall on gurneys, medical lockers. The sick bay.

INT. WEAPONS LOCKER, C DECK - EYE OF STORM - DAY

AN RPG is slung over Richie's back; he reaches in for an AK-47. Richie and Woods are loaded with weapons; they've cleared the locker out.

RICHIE
That's more like it.
(They hear the faint ELECTRONIC SQUEAL)
Shhhh. You hear that?

They listen. The SQUEAL is coming from inside a door just a few feet down the corridor.

WOODS
(terrified)
C'mon. Let's find Squeaky.

RICHIE
Squeaky can wait.

INT. FIRST MATE'S CABIN BY WEAPONS LOCKER, C DECK

Richie pushes the door open. A computer sits there; the SQUEAL is coming from its monitor; it's rolling information (NAVIGATIONAL CHARTS AND WEATHER MAPS) at a furious pace, almost too fast to read.

RICHIE
Somebody's planning a trip.

Richie scans with his FLASHLIGHT. There's an open door to another room. Richie starts to go inside. Woods' FLASHLIGHT SCANS the shelves above the monitor, falling on a

small bottle of Russian Vodka. Woods walks over and pockets the bottle.

WOODS
Let's get outta here, Richie.

Richie LIGHTS a joint. Smirks, not turning around.

RICHIE
What's *your* problem? You got what you were looking for, didn't you?

INT. MEDICAL LAB, B DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve, Foster and Captain Egerton, supporting Rico, enter the brightly lit medical lab. All LIGHTS are on; the place gleams white. The four look around cautiously, listening.

SECURITY CAMERA'S POV - We see grainy images of Steve, Captain Egerton, Foster, and Rico surveying the medical lab. Again, someone, or thing, is watching them.

BACK TO SCENE

Foster searches for disinfectant and a surgical needle. Steve and Captain Egerton help Rico onto an examining table.

Foster finds some sutures and scissors in a lower cabinet. Rico sits waiting. Foster undoes the temporary bandages and swabs his wound with brown disinfectant. Rico watches stoically. Foster threads a needle with SURGICAL THREAD.

FOSTER
Steve, see if you can find some fresh bandages. This is gonna hurt, Rico.

RICO
Just get on with it.

Steve begins opening cabinets. The Captain opens his box of Coco Puffs and pops a handful in his mouth. Foster pushes the needle into Rico's leg. Rico is surprisingly unfazed.

FOSTER
You've got a high pain threshold.

RICO
I usually do it myself.

Rico pulls up his shirt, revealing several JAGGED SCARS. Captain Egerton looks at Foster, takes another handful.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Foster, what are you gonna do with your three million?

FOSTER
I don't have it yet.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Say you do. Seriously, what would you do?

Foster shrugs, she's got nothing to say.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
What about you, Baker?

STEVE
(opens another cabinet)
I dunno. I don't have any attachments. Always loved the sea.
(thinks)
I'd buy an island.

FOSTER
(considers this)
Ya know, that's a great idea.

RICO
When are you guys getting married? YEOW! Foster, take it easy!

Steve and Foster exchange a look.
Steve opens a another locker.

A RUSSIAN in a gas mask opens fire on Steve with an AK-47. BRRRAP! Steve dives aside. Rounds ZING through the room. BRPPP! BRRPP! Glass SHATTERS, vinyl and stuffing SHRED, half a cabinet door is shot off hinges into the room.

Foster falls against Rico, knocking both to the floor as BULLETS RIP into the area they just occupied. Captain Egerton hits the floor and scurries behind examining tables.

THE RUSSIAN emerges from the locker, firing until the clip is empty. Steve gets up and rams the butt of his shotgun into the figure, knocking him back into the locker.

The Russian slumps to the locker floor, out cold. Steve drags him out by the feet and yanks off the gas mask.

RICO is stunned. CAPTAIN EGERTON looks up from behind the examining table. Steve and Foster are puzzled, surprised.

It is a woman: NADIA, the Volkov's chief science officer.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie enters, scanning with his FLASHLIGHT, taking a hit off his joint. Woods enters behind him. The joint smoke drifts through the BEAM of Woods' FLASHLIGHT.

RICHIE'S POV - his flashlight illuminates rows of missiles. Richie's eyes light up.

RICHIE
Whoah. Fuck me.
(looks around)
Tactical short range, surface to air.
Beautiful!

WOODS
Yeah, thrilling.
(takes a slug of vodka)
Can we go now?

RICHIE
In a minute.

Woods shuts up, takes another swig.
The entire floor is strewn and piled with various missile parts and pieces. Richie looks inside --

THE MISSILE LAUNCH TUBES - on a rail running along the inside of the tube are two rocket engines. They've been modified; their motors are kluged together. A cable runs from the back of the engines, past the exposed fuel tanks, up the tube to the outside of the ship.

RICHIE
Hey Woods, what do you make of this?

WOODS
Dunno.

They move to the launch tube next to it. The cable from the other tube enters this one, follows the inside launch rail and connects to a missile carriage platform at the bottom. A metal chair has been welded and braced to it. Around the chair back are seatbelts.

RICHIE
Looks like an ejection seat - some kinda escape vehicle.

Richie looks around. Cables run from a wall-mounted control

panel to the chair. He follows them with his FLASHLIGHT to a MAKESHIFT CONTROL PANEL at his feet. He picks it up.

RICHIE
Launch buttons. Cool.

Woods runs his FLASHLIGHT along the opposite wall. A watertight door is smashed in from the outside. Woods' flashlight falls to a puddle of reddish rown liquid.

WOODS
Hey Richie.
(Richie stares at the puddle)
That's a lot of blood.

Richie and Woods exchange a look.

INT. MEDICAL LAB, B DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Captain Egerton and Foster lift Nadia, still unconscious, into a chair. She slumps there.

Rico goes through NADIA'S WAIST SATCHEL. Pulls out several THERMITE GRENADES.

FOSTER
Careful, Rico. Thermite grenades.

Rico gingerly puts the grenades back.

STEVE
(into the walkie)
Squeaky. Come in, Squeaky, you copy?

INT. ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

The camera slowly moves across the cavernous Engine Room. Squeaky's walkie lies on the table.

STEVE (v.o.)
(from the walkie)
Squeaky, c'mon, don't play games.

Silence. Nothing moves.

INT. MEDICAL LAB, B DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve waits a moment. Squeaky doesn't answer.

STEVE
(into walkie)
Richie, Woods, come back.

Richie's voice CRACKLES on the walkie.

RICHIE (v.o.)
(from the walkie)
Steve, we're in the missile room, there's some stuff down here you've *gotta* see...

STEVE
(short, harsh)
It can wait, Richie, now get down to the engine room!

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - EYE OF STORM - DAY

STEVE (v.o.)
Squeaky's not answering and listen to this: we got a Russian crewman up here. Make that crewwoman.

RICHIE
You're kiddin' me.

STEVE
I wish I was - she emptied an assault rifle on us. I'll meet you in the Engine Room in five minutes. These folks are definitely not friendly, Richie - keep your eyes open.

INT. CORRIDOR, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Woods and Richie move into FRAME, guns raised. Ahead are CABLES ripped from the ceiling and strewn across the floor.

WOODS
What happened here?

RICHIE
Somebody doesn't like electricity.

At corridor's end is another sign. RICHIE tries to comprehend the Cyrillic lettering. SOMETHING STREAKS up from below and hovers an INCH from his face. Richie jumps back. A bright light pops on, blinding him. Richie bats it away from his face with the barrel of his shotgun.

THE FLYING DROID slams to the deck, lights out. Richie prods the droid with his gun; it twitches. RICHIE and WOODS, amazed, watch it a moment, exchanging a glance.

Richie picks up the lifeless droid. A CLUSTER OF CABLE runs

from the droid's rear down the corridor into darkness.

RICHIE
Wow. Look at this engineering. With shit like this, how'd the Russians lose the Cold War?
(follows the droid's cable down the corridor)
C'mon.

INT. MEDICAL LAB, B DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

NADIA opens her eyes groggily to....BRIGHT LIGHTS above her. Panicked, she starts babbling in RUSSIAN.

FOSTER
Easy, easy...
(Nadia stares at her)
We're American. Ya know, United States? English?

Nadia points frantically at THE LIGHTS.

NADIA
Power! Must turn off power! Shut down ship! You're all in danger!

Steve, Rico and Egerton exchange looks.

RICO
What's she going on about?

STEVE
Who the hell knows. I'm going after Squeaky. I'll see you on the bridge.

Steve chambers a round in his pistol and exits.

Captain Egerton and Rico approach Foster and Nadia. Nadia sees Egerton's Coco Puffs. She grabs them and starts stuffing her mouth. Egerton and Foster exchange a look.

NADIA
Sorry. I have not eaten in three days.

FOSTER
What is your name?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
What's happened on this ship? Where's the rest of your crew?

A pause. Nadia stares at them wildly.

NADIA
Dead. All dead. You must shut off power. It needs power to move through ship.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
What needs power?

NADIA
It.
(points skyward)
From the MIR.

RICO
The MIR? What's a MIR?

FOSTER
(to Nadia)
The MIR Space Station?

NADIA
Da, yes.

FOSTER
(to Rico and Egerton)
It's a Russian space installation, went into orbit about ten years ago.
(to Nadia)
And some....thing came from the MIR?

NADIA
Yes. Correct.

FOSTER
From space.

NADIA
Yes.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(rolls his eyes)
Jesus, we got us an A-1 fruitcake.

FOSTER
Quiet, Captain.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
She's fucking nuts.
(stares hard at Nadia)
Either that or she's lying.

Captain Egerton turns back to Nadia. WHAM!! she springs up and coldcocks Egerton, knocking him into a cabinet and to the floor. Nadia dashes for the door.

INT. CORRIDOR NEAR MEDICAL LAB, B DECK

Nadia sprints down a short hallway. She BREAKS a glass case with her fist and grabs a FIRE AXE.

FOSTER sprints after her, drawing her gun.

FOSTER
Ah shit.

INT. STAIRWELL TO DEAD-END, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

NADIA enters the stairwell. She stops at the bottom, seeing the blocked bulkhead. No exit, nowhere to go.

FOSTER (o.s.)
Hold it right there!

FOSTER points her pistol at Nadia. Motions to Nadia's axe.

FOSTER
Drop it!

Nadia lowers the axe. She sinks to the floor, drained. Foster approaches Nadia, gun trained on her.

FOSTER
What were you going to do with that?

NADIA
You must let me. You don't understand.

FOSTER
I understand you just hit my Captain.
(under breath)
Something I've wanted to do for a while.

EGERTON and RICO run up, guns trained on Nadia.

FOSTER
Back off. You too, Rico. The guns aren't necessary.
(turns back to Nadia)
My name is Kelly Foster. My friends call me "Kit."

NADIA
I am Nadia, Nadia Vinogradov, Chief Science officer. My English is not perfect.

FOSTER
It's good enough. You're in shock. Try again. Slowly.

NADIA
(takes deep breath; concentrates on communicating in English)
Eight days ago something came onto ship - transmitted from the MIR. It took control of computers. Scanned all information. Language, encyclopedias, medical data. It was learning.

FOSTER
Learning? Learning what?

NADIA
How to kill us.
(beat)
My Captain, Alexi, and I were the last to survive. We cut cables, smashed equipment. But they won.

FOSTER
They? Who's "they?"

NADIA
(says it first in Russian)
The machines.
(buries head in her hands, weeping)
I'm not crazy!

FOSTER
I know you're not. Stay here.

Foster rises. Approaches Captain Egerton and Rico.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Well?

FOSTER
You're right, she's off her rocker. Loony tunes. Rico, take off your belt. She isn't going peacefully, understand?

Foster, with Rico following, returns to Nadia, offering Nadia her hand.

FOSTER
Come on, I'll help you up.

As Foster pulls Nadia up, RICO loops his belt around NADIA'S WRISTS and cinches it tight.

FOSTER
Let's get her to the bridge.

Nadia, realizing Foster's betrayal, SCREACHES like a wild animal, clawing at Rico. Rico drags her down the corridor.

NADIA
NO! NOOOO!!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WORKSHOP, C DECK - EYE OF STORM - DAY

Richie and Woods follow the droid's cable down the corridor. Woods carries the droid and a growing coil of cable. Ahead they hear a FAINT DRONE of machinery. The cable leads them to a door at corridor's end marked with Russian letters.

INT. WORKSHOP, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

A door opens. Richie's FLASHLIGHT, then head, stick inside.

SOUNDS of machinery, GLINTING of robotic arms swinging in darkness. SHOWERS of SPARKS as robotic arms weld. Richie throws the door open and enters, followed by Woods cradling the droid. Richie hits the light switch. Nothing.

The room HUMS with computer controlled robotic activity. Cabled droids are working on other droids. Richie and Woods shine their FLASHLIGHTS around. Richie hits the power switch next to the light switch. The robotic activity instantly STOPS DEAD.

INT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve moves up an empty corridor. There's a SOUND in the darkness behind him - the SCURRYING of a droid. Steve wheels around. Nothing's there, the corridor's quiet.

STEVE
Richie? Woods?
(no answer; gets on walkie)
Richie, where are you guys?

INT. WORKSHOP, C DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Richie answers Steve, bubbling with excitement:

RICHIE
Steve, I know why the Russians aren't happy we're aboard! There's a machine shop down here with state-o'-the-art robotics that make our stuff look medieval....!

STEVE (v.o.)
Later, Richie, I told you to get your ass down to the engine room!

RICHIE
We're goin', we're goin'!

Suddenly the machines activate: the robotics, the little droids, etc. Richie hits the POWER SWITCH. Toggles it back and forth. Nothing happens. The work continues.

WOODS
Let's get out of here!

Richie ignores Woods, utterly fascinated. He approaches a work table. A droid is soldering micro-circuits. Richie watches the little machine work, moving around it in a semicircle.

SECURITY CAMERA'S POV - ZOOM in on Richie. As Richie and Woods watch the droid, somebody is watching them.

WOODS
Goddamn it Richie, let's go!

Richie motions for Woods to "hold on." He reaches down and pokes the droid. The droid suddenly PIVOTS, revealing A NAIL GUN. It FIRES. THWAP! THWAP!

Two nails WHIZ by Richie's head and THUD into Woods' shoulder. Woods SHRIEKS! A second droid rotates and runs a WHIRLING DRILL BIT into the back of Richie's left arm.

Richie HOWLS and SLAMS the "drill droid" with a hammer, AGAIN and AGAIN! Woods, horrified, looks at blood dripping from his shoulder nail wounds. A nail ricochets by Richie's head. BANG! BANG! BANG! Richie pounds the first droid with the hammer. Suddenly, in the room's back shadows --

A HUMAN FIGURE dashes across the back of the room toward the back hatch, FIRING on Richie and Woods. They hit the deck

and pop up FIRING. Richie and Woods back out, strafing the room. Bullets fly like the inside of a popcorn popper.

INT. SCUTTLE, C TO E DECKS - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Steve works his way down the scuttle. His walkie CRACKLES to life. INTERCUT as necessary.

RICHIE (v.o.)
Steve, Woods is hurt! There's more Russians down here! Watch your ass!

STEVE
Read you. How bad is Woods?

WOODS (v.o.)
Tell him it's bad, Richie.

INT. CORRIDOR NEAR WORKSHOP, C DECK

Richie motions -- he'll tell him, he'll tell him.

RICHIE
He'll live, but he ain't in a good mood.

STEVE (v.o.)
Get him to the engine room. We gotta get Squeak outta there.

RICHIE
We're on our way.

He and Woods move down the corridor deeper into the ship.

INT. CORRIDOR, E DECK - NEAR ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Steve exits a water-tight door into the corridor leading to the engine room. It's dark. Steve shines his light on the engine room door. He moves to it and peers through the door's observation window.

INT. ENGINE ROOM, E DECK

Monitors are on, instruments working, but nobody in sight.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ENGINE ROOM, E DECK

Steve tries the door. It won't budge. He backs up and shines his light along the edges. It's welded shut.

STEVE
(bangs the door)
Squeaky. SQUEAKY!

INT. ENGINE ROOM, E DECK - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

The engine is RUNNING. Steve's LIGHT CUTS through the dark room back and forth, looking for Squeaky.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ENGINE ROOM, E DECK

Steve hears something behind him and whirls around.

RICHIE AND WOODS stand there. Woods holds his shoulder; blood leaks in a widening stain down his sleeve.

STEVE
Jesus. Lemme see.
(inspects Woods' shoulder)
The Russian do this?

RICHIE
No, a machine did that.
(off Steve's look)
You're not gonna believe it 'till you see it, Steve. There's some really weird shit on this bucket.

WOODS
I need proper medical attention. Man, I ain't no fuckin' soldier, we shouldn't even be on this ship!

STEVE
Get a grip, Woods, you aren't dying.
(Woods shuts up)
The engine room's been welded shut. And Squeak ain't in there.

RICHIE
Welded?
(tries the latch; examines the edge of the door; it's definitely welded shut)
You're right, man. Weird.

STEVE
What's happening here?

WOODS
(sniffing the air, something bothering him)
Hey, you smell somethin'?

Something MOVES behind them. An ominous chill runs up their spines. They turn.

TWO SETS OF LIGHTS, set at the level of a man's head, shine at them from the darkness at the end of the corridor.

RICHIE
(squinting)
Squeakman, that you?

STEVE
SQUEAKY?

The LIGHTS move closer.
They raise their weapons, watching in stunned SILENCE.
The MOVING FIGURE steps into the light.

WOODS
Holy shit...

A BIOMECHANOID steps forward. The torso is human. Half the head is removed, the brain exposed. Wires reach deep into the central cortex. One arm ends in a steel hand melded to human flesh, holding a pistol. Another hand holds a WELDING TORCH (presumably used to weld the engine room door shut). It raises the pistol and FIRES.

Steve, Richie, and Woods, stunned a moment, OPEN FIRE on the biomechanoid.

INT. VOLKOV - BRIDGE - EYE OF THE STORM - DAY

Nadia sits, hands tied in front of her. Across the room, Captain Egerton, Foster, and Rico stand, watching her.

FOSTER
This ship belongs to the Russian government, Captain. See those bars on her shirt? She's a senior officer.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Do Senior Officers normally hide in lockers? Or is that a Russian thing?

RICO
Foster's got a point, Captain.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Shut up, both of you. This ship was a derelict when we found her. Her engines were down. Her crew's either dead or deserted. She's up for grabs and Olga Korbut there knows it. Any Admiralty Judge in the world's gonna side with us.

RICO
(glares at Nadia)
Captain's right, Foster. Say we hand the ship over to her. How's she gonna pilot it by herself?

NADIA
You're all going to die.

Foster, Egerton, and Rico exchange glances.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Hear that, Foster? We're all going to die because aliens are on the ship. That's all the grounds we need.
(glares at Nadia)
Officer or not, she's not mentally competent to run this ship.

STEVE (o.s.)
Maybe she is.

STEVE, RICHIE, and WOODS enter, carrying the BIOMECHANOID. Egerton, Foster and Rico, in shock, make way. Steve and Richie slam it on the table.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
What...*the fuck*...is that?

RICHIE
Beats the hell outta us.

STEVE
(motions toward Nadia)
We thought she might know.

Foster, Captain, and Rico move to the table, looking at the horror: fiber-optics are woven into muscle tissue, metal into bone. It is fascinating, disgusting.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(re: Nadia)
Woods, get her over here.

Woods stands Nadia up and leads her to the table. Nadia looks down sadly at the biomechanoid.

NADIA
It is Alexi. My Captain.

WOODS
That thing tried to kill us.

RICO
(sniffs)
Smells funky.

STEVE
Squeaky's missing and somebody's welded the engine room shut.

RICHIE
(re: Nadia)
And there's more o' her types down there. Can somebody explain what the hell's going on?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
That's it.
(grabs Nadia)
I've got a man missing and I want some answers, and no Twilight Zone shit this time.

NADIA
I can prove every word I said.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(unholsters his revolver; levels it at her head)
Bullshit. Five seconds, or I'm going to blow your head off. One...

FOSTER
Wait. She was hiding in the sick bay. She doesn't know where Squeaky is.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Two... She knows. She dropped an anchor on my boat and fired on us. Three...

FOSTER
Put the gun down. Steve? Rico?

RICO
Somebody dropped an anchor on me. I ain't feeling too sympathetic.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Four...

FOSTER
Goddamn it, Captain, holster that gun!

Captain Egerton cocks the gun.
Nadia, steely-eyed and dead cold, stares defiantly at him.

NADIA
Shoot me. I don't care. Just *shut off the power to this ship*.

Foster, convinced, grabs Egerton's arm. They struggle.

FOSTER
She's not going to tell you what you want to hear, Captain!
(Egerton pauses; she stares him down)
Something's happening on this ship and we might as well listen to her!

Captain Egerton lowers the gun. Foster turns to Nadia.

FOSTER
You said you could prove your story. Start proving.

NADIA
(shaking)
I need a cigarette.

TIME CUT TO:

VOLKOV BRIDGE - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

On a black and white VIDEO SCREEN, the Volkov's SECURITY VIDEOTAPE plays. Russian CREW MEMBERS carry corpses out of rooms and stack them in the lower deck storage bay.

NADIA
It started with power surges, short-outs, overheating. There were accidents.

FOSTER
What kind?

NADIA
Two crewmen electrocuted, killed at computer stations. Then system malfunctions. Fire extinguishers activated in the hold. *By themselves*. Sixty-seven died of carbon dioxide poisoning, a quarter of the crew. While we were still in shock we found the first of its creations.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN - Captain Alexi holds up a little droid as five silent crew members, including Nadia, look solemnly at CAMERA. It is intended as a documentary record.

WOODS
Hey, we saw some of those.

Nadia hits the FAST FORWARD button.

NADIA
Then it got worse.

The VIDEO slows to normal speed. A blurry shot of a FIGURE. Nadia freezes the frame. No doubt a primitive BIOMECHANOID.

NADIA
Made from parts of dead crewmen. Half man, half mechanism.

Everyone turns from the video to the thing on the table.

NADIA
It is an organism, not cellular, not like anything we know. A mass of electricity, with a will. It can think. It is searching for physical, how do you say.... manifestation.
(she gathers her words)
It tried living in human bodies but they died. Burned by high voltage.
(points at Bio-Alexi)
Which explains that.

Steve looks over at Foster... you buying this? Richie leans over Bio-Alexi, pointing.

RICHIE
I'm buying this so far, guys. Alexi here's got some shit I never saw on "Chicago Hope." A capacitor built right into his brain. To keep it from frying?

NADIA
Da, yes, so we believe.

Everyone moves for a closer look. Woods remains against the console; he pulls the vodka from his pocket and gulps. Everyone looks at the torso with fascination and disgust.

RICHIE takes out a penknife and leans over Bio-Alexi's carcass like a surgeon, cutting back layers of tissue, revealing wires and metal components.

FOSTER
And it took how long to do all this?

NADIA
Eight days.

Richie continues probing. Implanted in Bio-Alexi's exposed human brain is a tiny homonoid circuit board. Waveforms dance on its instrument screen. Richie follows a bundle of fiber optics along its metal link spine.

RICHIE
The brain's still working. Blood's still pumping through it.
(moving closer)
Look here. Some kind of battery or self contained power supply.
(looking up at the others)
It's still alive.

Nadia nervously moves closer and leans down. She whispers:

NADIA
Alexi, is it you?

Richie touches a live circuit. Bio-Alexi's eyes POP open, looking at Nadia. A BURST of DIGITAL CODE. Bio-Alexi's arm appendage SPASMS, GRABS Nadia's arm. Everybody recoils. Nadia SCREAMS, fighting to free herself.

Steve pulls a hunting knife, jams it into the appendage, stabbing at twitching muscle and blinking fiber optics. Rico pulls his war axe and CHOPS at the circuitry. The appendage quivers, loosening its hold on Nadia.

Nadia, shaking, sinks to the floor. Foster goes to her.

NADIA
It's Alexi. It's still Alexi.

STEVE
Leave the goddamn thing alone, Richie!

RICHIE
I was just looking at it.

RICO
Touch that again and I will fucking scalp you!

WOODS (O.S.)
Could somebody please take these nails out of my shoulder?

Foster walks over to Woods to look at his wounded shoulder. She grabs both the nails with her fingers and YANKS them out. Woods SCREAMS, falls to the floor.

FOSTER
ARGHH, goddamn you Foster!

Foster turns to the window. She lifts the nails into the light and examines them.

FOSTER'S FACE - her jaw suddenly drops.

FOSTER'S POV - through the bridge's front window, AN IMMENSE WALL OF WATER looms above the ship.

Everyone turns and looks. A BLACK WALL of churning wind and water is coming straight at them.

EXT. OCEAN - STORM - DAY

The 75-foot wall of water pushed by 140-mile-an-hour winds SLAMS into the helpless ship.

INT. BRIDGE - STORM - NIGHT

Day turns to night. The room shifts 45 degrees; everybody and everything loose is thrown to the floor. As they start to regain their footing, Richie SHRIEKS and flies SCREAMING half way across the room! The Biomechanoid with Captain Alexi's torso and brain pops up right behind him.

BIO-ALEXI'S BODY SPASMS. Flesh and fabric TEAR. A metal-meshed spine arches out of its back, bringing up bone, muscle, and human tissue woven with BLIPPING circuitry. Bio-Alexi LURCHES around the room, spraying blood.

THE CAPTAIN AND RICO pull their weapons and start FIRING! Everyone else hits the deck. Captain Egerton and Rico

recklessly unload round after round on the biomechanoid lurching around the room. Bullets PING everywhere.

STEVE
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Rico continues FIRING his automatic.

FOSTER
STOP SHOOTING! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL SOMEONE!

Bio-Alexi SMASHES into the window, CRASHING through!

EXT. VOLKOV - DECK - NIGHT

Bio-Alexi lands on the deck amongst shards of Plexiglas. It spasms violently.

INT. VOLKOV - BRIDGE - NIGHT

Everyone looks through the broken window at Bio-Alexi spasming on the deck below.

EXT. VOLKOV - DECK - NIGHT

A wave sweeps over the deck, washing Bio-Alexi away.

INT. VOLKOV - BRIDGE - NIGHT

RICHIE
We gotta get the fuck off this ship.

EXT. WIDE SHOT - VLADISLAV VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

A wave hits the ship broadside, CRASHING LOUDLY. The ship REELS. Looks like it could go over.

INT. BRIDGE - STORM - NIGHT

Everyone lurches, trying to keep upright. Wind and rain HOWL through the broken window. Woods and Captain Egerton rush to the manual steering, Foster to the radar screen.

STEVE
HEAD HER INTO THE WIND!

FOSTER
Captain! Wind direction is 230 degrees North-northwest, velocity 120 knots!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(turns from the helm; the WHEEL is twirling freely)
The controls are dead! She won't turn!

STEVE
Captain, we take another hit like that and we'll roll! We can manually steer her in the engine room! We can run the ship from there!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
You said the door's welded shut!

STEVE
We'll cut the fuckin' door, maybe find Squeaky!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
All right.
(motions to Nadia)
Bring her. If she tries anything, shoot her.
(Woods gulps vodka; Egerton SWIPES bottle to the floor)
You've had enough.

WOODS
You broke it.

The group moves off. Woods stares at the broken bottle.

INT. STAIRWAY, B/C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

The group moves down the stairway, everyone edgy, their guns raised. Nadia's hands are tied in front of her.

STEVE
How many of those little droid things were in that machine shop?

RICHIE
The fuckin' place looked like Santa's workshop.

RICO
I hate this ship.

Foster suddenly stops.

RICO

It is Squeaky.

SQUEAKY looks at them from the window's other side, still banging on the door. Rico reaches down to open the latch.

RICHIE

DON'T OPEN IT! DON'T FUCKIN' OPEN IT!

Rico hesitates.

STEVE

Move over!

Steve pushes Rico aside and throws the latch.

INT. CORRIDOR NEAR COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - OPEN DOOR, C DECK

Everyone backs up. SQUEAKY comes through the door. There's something unnatural in his movements.

SQUEAKY

Hello Steve.

STEVE

Squeaky?

Squeaky steps into the light. Cables run down his back. He's a BIOMECHANOID.

Behind Squeaky is something we haven't seen - an EIGHT FOOT BIOMECHANOID, the biggest version yet: six legs, shaped like a praying Mantis, its head made of two human brains encased in blue gel. Beneath the brains, video lenses and multiple lights. Four arms: two human, two mechanical. In the center of its chest are two more human brains.

FOSTER

Oh my god....

RICHIE

I told you not to open it.

The Eight Footer pushes past Squeaky, RIPPING through the doorway hatch, and moves on the group.

Everyone FIRES on the Eight footer. It keeps coming!

The terrified GROUP, firing, backs down the corridor. Captain Egerton, desperate to get away, RAMS into the others. Woods trips over Rico and falls heavily.

THE EIGHT FOOTER spiders forward.
Woods, insane with fear, crawls backward across the floor.

Bio-Squeaky rushes Woods and hoists the larger man over his head. The Eight Footer runs a mechanical arm through Woods' chest. A second and third arm punch through Wood's abdomen.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
WOODS!

The Eight Footer tosses Woods' corpse; it SLAMS against the corridor wall and falls in a bloody heap.

RICO
Jesus fuckin' Christ....

RICHIE
I told you not to open the door!

BIO-SQUEAKY turns toward Steve. Steve levels his shotgun at Squeaky's head. He wants to pull the trigger but can't. It's a monster but still Squeaky. Steve lowers the gun.

DOWN THE CORRIDOR - THE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM SECURITY DOOR

Nadia, her hands bound, frantically punches numbers into an ACCESS KEYPAD. The others wait, holding their breath.

NADIA
Uhh two...eight...three....

A red light FLASHES in Russian -- ACCESS DENIED.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Goddamn it, *remember*!

NADIA
(curses; tries again)
I'm trying!

The EIGHT FOOTER, sensing what Nadia is doing, advances.

FOSTER
Come on, Nadia, you can do it....

Nadia concentrates, punching in a new numerical sequence. The light FLASHES GREEN. The door opens.

Captain Egerton pushes into the room ahead of everyone, then Richie and Rico. Steve herds in Foster and Nadia and piles in behind them.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Steve yanks the VAULT-DOOR shut and slams down the latch. He falls against the door in shock, staring into space. Foster comes aside, speaking low, evenly, comforting.

FOSTER
That wasn't Squeaky, Steve. Squeaky's dead.

STEVE
(choking it back)
I know.

Everyone looks around the room. Several workstations FLASH quite different information from what we've seen: biology diagrams, movement charts, electrical schematics. One bank of computers is smashed in.

RICO
Where are we?

NADIA
Communications room.

BAM! BAM! The Eight Footer is trying to smash its way in.

FOSTER
Thank god. We can call for help!

Richie goes to the RADIO TRANSMITTER.

RICHIE
Now we're cookin'.
(picks up the transmitter; its circuitry is ripped out)
Fuck, this is trashed! Who did this?

NADIA
I did.

RICHIE
(rolls his eyes)
I'm not even gonna ask.....

Richie grabs a screwdriver and begins re-routing wires.

NADIA
Don't. I beg you.

FOSTER
Why did you destroy it?

NADIA
I already told you. The creature is made of electricity. It transmitted itself on, it can surely transmit itself off.

STEVE
Like where?

NADIA
Another ship. An island. Moscow. Brooklyn.

RICHIE
(re-routing wires)
Great. I'm *from* Brooklyn. This situation's gonna go over big at Yankee Stadium, but that's George Steinbrenner's problem now....
(finishes; grabs the receiver)
Wait a second, just hold on....

Richie CLICKS the radio. STATIC. It works!

STEVE, RICO, FOSTER
ALL RIGHT, RICHIE!

RICHIE
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY!!

Suddenly bullets riddle the TRANSMITTER.
Everyone stares at the ruined equipment.

RICHIE
What the fuck?

Everyone whirls around.
CAPTAIN EGERTON stands there, gun smoking.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
'Fraid I can't let you do that, Richie.

STEVE
Captain, are you out of your fucking mind?

CAPTAIN EGERTON
I'm not going to let another ship salvage this vessel.

Everyone stares at Egerton, at a loss, incredulous.

FOSTER
We've got bigger problems than your fucking salvage operation!

CAPTAIN EGERTON
I don't care.

FOSTER
That tears it.

Foster swings, hitting Egerton square in the jaw, decking him; his gun scuttles across the floor.

Egerton looks pleadingly up at the other men.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
You going to let her get away with that?

Rico, Foster, Steve and Richie stare silently back. Foster unties Nadia.

BANG! Everyone JUMPS. A huge impact outside sends a bookcase over. Everyone moves at once. Rico grabs a table and pushes it against the door. Steve RIPS out some electrical wiring and ties the door handle down. BANG! BANG! BANG! A new area of DENTS appear!

STEVE
HOW MANY OF THESE THINGS ARE THERE?

RICO
WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM US?

RICHIE
WHY DON'T WE ASK IT!

FOSTER
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

STEVE
RICHIE'S RIGHT! LET'S JUST ASK 'EM!

RICHIE
IT LIVES IN THE COMPUTER, RIGHT?

Nadia nods. Richie sits at a computer and begins typing a message. The WORDS APPEAR IN RUSSIAN CYRILLIC, accompanied by the creature's electronic SQUEAL.

Steve and Rico move a large desk against the door. A mechanical arm PUNCHES through the wall and pulls back.

Nadia leans over Richie's shoulder and calls up the language file. She scrolls to **ENGLISH** and clicks. Richie looks at her thankfully and types. The words now appear in English:

WHO ARE YOU?

THE COMPUTER SCREEN spews out BINARY CODE, rows of squares, triangles, 1s and 0s. The computer brings up the ENGLISH language file. The file stops on "WHO", then "ARE", then "YOU?" The definitions of these words appear next to them.

The BANGING suddenly STOPS.
EVERYONE freezes. Silence.

A VOICE emanates over the computer speaker, a patchwork from news commentators, movies, telephone information. It is strange, cold, emotionless. It is the CREATURE.

I AM AWARE.

The group exchanges glances. What are they supposed to do next? Foster sits at the computer and types:

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WE MEAN YOU NO HARM.

The following message returns:

**YOU ARE CARBON-BASED INFESTATION.
DESTRUCTIVE, INVASIVE, NOXIOUS. HARMFUL
TO THE BODY OF THE WHOLE.**

The computer spins through the language files. The creature is searching for just the right word. It stops on a word below **VIRULENT... VIRUS.** The word **VIRUS** blinks.

YOU ARE VIRUS.

A pause. Everyone stares at the message.

RICHIE
Great, that's just great, it thinks we're germs. I'm starring in a "Lysol" commercial....

Then this appears:

IS EGERTON DOMINANT LIFE FORM?

Everyone stares at Egerton, stunned that he was singled out. Then this appears:

COMMUNICATION TERMINATED.

Immediately the POUNDING begins.
Richie, spooked, backs into a corner.

RICHIE
Now what?

Everyone turns to Nadia. Nadia stares back at the group.

NADIA
Do you believe me?

FOSTER
Yes.

STEVE
I don't know what the hell to believe.
(considers)
Yeah.

RICO
I've seen enough. Yeah.

NADIA
Then we must destroy it.

FOSTER
You said it lives in the computer? What computer? Where?

NADIA
E-Deck. Below us, in the middle of the ship.

Richie backs away from the group. He's freaking out.

RICHIE
Oh no, that's what you did before. I'm not doing the same thing that the dead guys did. You do what you want. I got my own plan.

BANG! THE WALL splits open with a SCREACH of ripping metal. Human arms and a head push their way through the hole. It's Bio-Squeaky! Parts of its flesh rip off as it pushes further in.

Richie levels his AK-47 at Bio-Squeaky and FIRES a full clip. BULLETS rip through Squeaky's head and back. Machine parts FLY. Richie backs away in terror.

RICHIE
That ain't gonna happen to me man. That ain't gonna happen to me!

Steve stares at Squeaky's remains, his friend gone forever.

RICHIE turns toward the wall, pumping his grenade launcher. He FIRES into the wall, KABOOM!!, opening up a four foot hole into the corridor.

RICHIE
I'm outta here.

Richie disappears through the hole.

RICO
Richie's gone postal, man!

Steve looks through the hole down the corridor. Richie's gone. No biomechanoids, no eight footers in sight.

FOSTER
At least he found a way out. Steve, any suggestions?

STEVE
Yeah, I suggest we go down to E Deck and blast the shit out of it!

RICO
Ditto.

Steve steps through the hole, leading the way. One by one the others follow. Steve looks at the Captain.

STEVE
You coming?

A pause. Steve waits for an answer.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
Do what you want. You're all gonna get yourselves killed.

STEVE
Suit yourself.

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR TO STAIRS, C/D DECK

Nadia directs the way. Steve leads the others in a hurried race to the stairs. They disappear down them, Steve helping the hobbled Rico.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, C DECK

CAMERA HOLDS on Captain Egerton's face, watching the others disappear. His pupils gleam with hatred.

INT. INTERSECTING CORRIDORS, D DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Steve moves ahead of the group, SHINING his FLASHLIGHT down two connecting corridors. No eight footers are in sight.

Steve motions for the others, then leads them through a water-tight door into a corridor with doors on either side and a stair at the far end.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

The door swings open; a flashlight strafes the room, moving toward us. It's Richie. His FLASHLIGHT BEAM illuminates the escape pod, the rack of missiles, and a missile lying on the floor. He moves to the loose missile and starts unscrewing its nose cone, MUMBLING TO HIMSELF.

RICHIE
I know what's goin' on. They ain't gettin' me. My brain's not becoming a hard drive for some biomechanoid alien fuck.

Richie suddenly freezes. Doesn't move a muscle.

There's a SCRATCHING SOUND behind him. Richie suddenly swings around, his rifle in hand, and FIRES!

A crab-like droid pops up and lands on its back, dead. Richie looks at it curiously, holding the still-smoking gun. He reaches over and yanks a part from the tangled wire in the creature's belly.

RICHIE
I could use this, this is a good part.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES through and past robotic arms and moving machinery. In a corner, a computer monitor GLOWS. Nearer, we see a detailed COLOR IMAGE of the human body from the ship's medical library. The image revolves, showing muscles, arteries, veins, etc.

CAMERA VEERS LEFT to the four arms of an Eight Footer stripping back a RUSSIAN SAILOR'S SKIN (as shown on the monitor). It removes his brain and packs it in blue gel.

Behind the Eight Footer is something large, extreme.

On a second monitor next to the Eight Footer, the following message CLICKS across the screen.

EGERTON IS THE DOMINANT LIFE FORM.
I AM EGERTON.
I WILL HELP YOU ELIMINATE THE OTHERS.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS across the dark room, pitching and rumbling from another wave, to CAPTAIN EGERTON at a computer station, just having typed the word: **OTHERS.**

Egerton, his brow furrowed in the GREEN LIGHT of the monitor, reads the return message on the screen.

E-DECK, WORKROOM 14

There's a CLICKING NOISE.
We RACK FOCUS from the message on the computer to THE DOOR through which they entered (which was opened with Nadia's access code). It mysteriously POPS OPEN, on its own.

Egerton stares at the ajar door, thinking.

INT. HATCHWAY DOOR, D DECK CORRIDOR - STORM - NIGHT

A FLASHLIGHT SHINES on a sign in Russian Cyrillic above a hatchway door. Nadia reaches for the latch.

NADIA
This way. The main computer room is directly below us.

Steve stops her, then motions for everyone to crouch. He pulls on the latch. It doesn't move. He tries harder. Nothing. He runs his fingers along the door's edge.

STEVE
It's welded shut. Is there another way down?

NADIA
Yes. The way we came.

OMIT
INT. CORRIDOR NEAR SCIENCE LABS, D DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Nadia, Foster, Rico, and Steve hurry back to the water-tight door through which they just came. Steve tries the latch.

He puts his weight against it. It won't budge. He examines the door seam. It's hot to the touch.

STEVE
Welded.

FOSTER
But we *just came through there*!

Everyone realizes they *did* come through that door. Without a word they start running (Rico hobbling) in the other direction. They make a sharp turn into the second corridor. Another water-tight door. Steve tries it. Now *this* door won't budge. Welded shut.

NADIA
It knows we're here. It's trapping us!

INT. SCIENCE LAB CORRIDOR, D DECK

Steve, Foster, and Nadia hurry, helping Rico. They come to yet another door. It too is welded shut.

RICO
(sniffs)
You smell something?

Behind them, CLUMP! CLUMP! They whirl around.

An EIGHT FOOTER, LIGHTS BLARING at them, comes down the corridor on six legs.

FOSTER
Oh shit....

Rico steps forward, squaring off with the Eight Footer.

RICO
I've had enough of this.

Rico begins an ancient Samoan warrior challenge. Trance-like, stylized movements. He pulls his WAR AXE.

STEVE
Rico, I don't think that's gonna be all that effective.

RICO
No shit.

Rico drops the axe, lowers the RPG from off his shoulder, kneels, levels it at the Eight-footer, and calmly FIRES!

The RPG rocket flies up the narrow corridor and hits the Eight Footer flush in the chest, knocking it twenty feet backward in a SHOWER of flesh, blood, and metal parts.

Rico stands.

RICO
FUCK YOU!

Rico and Steve high five. Suddenly --

ON THE SCIENCE LAB CORRIDOR AND CATWALK above them, they hear CLANK CLANK CLANK, the sound of hydraulic legs on the stairs. Another Eight Footer awkwardly descends to them.

STEVE
You got any more of those?

RICO
(holds up an RPG missile)
Last one.

NADIA throws open a door to a work room.

NADIA
In here!

Everyone piles inside.

INT. SCIENCE LAB/WORKROOM, D DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Steve bolts the door. Everyone looks around. The room's trashed, tables and chairs overturned.

STEVE
We got a couple minutes, people, that's it.

Steve opens a cabinet, pulls out a single LIFE VEST.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The door starts to dent in. Nadia turns to the rectangular window at the far end of the room. She grabs Foster's AK-47 and OPENS UP on the glass.

BULLETS blow the window out. The HOWL of the storm intensifies a hundred times. WIND rips through the little room, followed by a huge spray of water. Nadia races to the window and looks out.

EXT. VOLKOV - LADDER ON SIDE OF SHIP - NIGHT

NADIA'S POV - DOWN THE SHIP'S SIDE - A WAVE recedes, revealing A METAL LADDER.

INT. SCIENCE LAB/WORKROOM, D DECK - NIGHT

NADIA
There's a ladder to the top deck!

Steve goes to the window, looks out. The ship PITCHES; water SPLASHES in. He hands Foster the life jacket.

STEVE
Take this.
(Foster hands it to Nadia, who refuses it)
Come on, let's go!

RICO
I ain't going out there. If we're gonna fight it, I'll fight it here.

The POUNDING on the door persists; it's nearly caved in.

FOSTER
It might not follow us out there. It's electrical. It'll short out.

RICO
Okay, but.....gimme the life jacket.
(off Steve and Foster's look)
I can't swim.

FOSTER
Oh Jesus, here...

Foster hands Rico the life vest. Nadia, then Foster, climb out the window.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Richie sits cross-legged, working. He's removed the warhead from the missile's nose-cone. A reassembled EXPLOSIVE DEVICE sits near him. He counts out arm-length after arm-length of cable, insanely mumbling to himself.

RICHIE
The human brain can hold more than a hundred computers. It ain't gettin' mine. I'm getting out. I gotta plan.

Richie, intense and somewhat deranged, measures out the last of the cable and ties it to a spool of nylon rope.

RICHIE
It thinks it's smarter than me? Sure. It's gonna get a surprise...

INT. E DECK NEAR MACHINE ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

Captain Egerton has a queasy look approaching WORKROOM 14.

Ahead, AN EIGHT FOOTER stands motionless in the corridor, like a sentry. As Egerton approaches, Workroom 14's door mysteriously opens, on its own. Egerton gingerly sidesteps the Eight Footer Sentry.

He pushes the door open, terrified to enter, even more terrified not to. The ship ROCKS from another wave. The Captain swallows hard and enters.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, E DECK - NIGHT

The room is faintly lit by three computer screens against the back wall. There are occasional BURSTS of DIRECTIONAL LIGHT from the welding torches. Egerton moves carefully around the worktables, passing a biomechanoid wiring the belly of one identical to itself.

Egerton works his way toward the computer screens, trying to stay calm. His demeanor is deferential, anxious to please, eager to get along.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
You know they're trying to destroy the ship.

THE MAINFRAME COMPUTER is attached to hundreds of cables. Its COLORED LIGHTS FLASH madly, growing in intensity. Suddenly a bolt of electricity DISCHARGES through a cable and crosses the floor into a dormant Eight Footer.

The Eight Footer JERKS to life with a MECHANICAL WHIR. Its head rotates 180 degrees. A CAMERA LENS grafted into the left side of its head ZOOMS in on Captain Egerton's face. A LIGHT goes ON, its BEAM striking Egerton.

Egerton sees something. His jaw drops. On the worktable next to him is a half-dissected human torso.
The torso slowly sits up. It has no head!

A SEVERED HEAD sits next to the torso, looking at Egerton with pathetic, pleading eyes. <u>IT'S WOODS</u>.

CAPTAIN EGERTON is scared speechless. Behind him, something HUGE moves in the darkness. It closes the heavy metal door to the workshop with a PLUNK.

EXT. VLADISLAV VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

Four tiny figures cling to the ladder on the ship's side. The ship rises and crashes in GIANT SWELLS.

EXT. LADDER ON SIDE OF VOLKOV - NIGHT

Nadia, followed by Foster, Steve and Rico, climbs the tiny ladder to the top deck. Steve helps Rico.

A HUGE SWELL SMASHES against them.
Rico gags, spitting out a mouthful of salt water.

Suddenly the Eight Footer SMASHES through the window next to them, slashing and grabbing at Rico.

STEVE yanks Rico up and away, just barely out of the Eight Footer's reach.

THE EIGHT FOOTER, as suddenly as it appeared, disappears into the ship. Everyone hangs on tight as --

THE SHIP plummets in another stomach-dropping descent, water and wind lashing them. Everyone checks the condition of everyone else.

STEVE
Keep moving!

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

A HUGE WAVE bears down on the ship.

EXT. LADDER ON SIDE OF VOLKOV - NIGHT

Steve and the others unhook their belts and loop them through the ladder rungs. Everyone does so just in time. The HUGE WAVE sweeps over them; they hang on for dear life.

EXT. VOLKOV - DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Nadia comes over the railing, then Foster, Steve, and Rico. Above them, shredded and torn canvases flap like streamers in the 100 knot wind. Another WAVE is coming. Steve steadies Rico; everyone grips the railing.

EXT. VOLKOV - NIGHT

CRASH! Another 100 TON WAVE hits the ship.

EXT. VOLKOV - DECK - NIGHT

Nadia points up to A GLASS ENCASED ROOM just behind the ship's gigantic antenna dishes.

NADIA
THE ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM! WE'LL BE SAFE THERE!

Everyone nods in agreement and starts to move.

A WAVE knocks Steve to the watery deck. He SKIDS on his face, piling into Foster. Rico helps him to his feet.

EXT. LADDER TO ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Nadia starts up the ladder, followed by Foster, Rico and Steve. The Antenna control room's easily within reach.

EXT. VOLKOV - NIGHT

ANOTHER WAVE. The ship pitches.

EXT. DECK AND LADDER TO ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Below on the deck, a door EXPLODES off its hinges and disappears into the raging sea. The Eight Footer comes through the doorway onto the deck.

RICO
I thought you said it wouldn't come out here?

FOSTER
I was wrong.

The Eight Footer slashes at Foster, tearing up the ladder rungs she clings to. She SCREAMS. Its huge fist SLAMS a hole through the steel wall next to her. Foster loses her grip and falls. Rico miraculously catches her.

Rico lifts Foster, passing her up to Steve, then turns toward the Eight Footer, pulling his war axe from his belt.

RICO
(Samoan, subtitled)
You're food for my dog!

Rico leaps onto the Eight Footer, BURYING his war axe deep in its BRAIN. SPARKS FLY. The Eight Footer spasms. RICO strikes at the power cables connected to its spine, spewing SPARKS, striking again and again.

LIGHTNING FLASHES, illuminating Nadia, Steve and Foster hanging from the ladder.

NADIA, STEVE, FOSTER (unison)
-- Rico, don't!
-- No, Rico!

RICO AND THE EIGHT FOOTER, locked in a struggle to the death, fall backward through the open doorway and disappear.

EXT. VOLKOV - NIGHT

CRASH! The ship rocks against the raging sea.

EXT. VOLKOV - DECK - NIGHT

The Eight Footer and Rico, still wrestling, emerge from the doorway and THUD to the deck. A wave CRASHES over them, sweeping them to the ship's railing.

The Eight Footer goes over the edge.
Rico grips the railing, holding on for all he's worth.

FOSTER
RICO!

ANOTHER WAVE and.....Rico is gone.

INT. ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

Foster, followed by Nadia and Steve, enter. Steve slams the door and slides to the floor, his hands over face.

STEVE
We lost him.

Foster, hoping for a glimpse of Rico, goes to the window.

FOSTER
Maybe he made it to another part of the ship.

STEVE
Not a chance.

Nadia looks across the antenna dishes to the bow.
THE SHIP is turning to meet the swell of an oncoming wave.

NADIA
You were right. It's turning the ship against the swells. Protecting itself.

Foster looks down at the SHIP'S COMPASS; checks the heading.

FOSTER
It's doing more than that. It's navigating.

Foster looks at the MAP OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. She grabs a RED PENCIL and a PROTRACTOR and charts the ship's course.

FOSTER
It's got a destination in mind. Look, we're currently here, heading on this vector. Oh my god....
(she draws a line on the protractor)
You said this...electrical thing...can transmit itself across any normal communications channel?

NADIA
I assume so, yes. That is how it got here.

FOSTER
Well I got news for you: one of the major communication hubs for the entire South Pacific is a hundred miles away. The French nuclear testing facility on Rangiroa atoll.

NADIA
(dawning on her)
Of course. military and commercial satellites, 60 channel cable system, three radio stations. If it gets there it's going to spread.

STEVE
You mean....*to the rest of the world?*

Nadia and Foster gravely nod. Suddenly a TRANSMISSION CRACKLES over the ship-to-ship radio.

"NORFOLK" CAPTAIN (v.o.)
This the NOAA Research Vessel Norfolk transmitting in the clear to unknown vessel. We have you on radar, position

"NORFOLK CAPTAIN" (v.o.)
60 degrees north by 47 degrees northwest, 30 miles west of our current position.

FOSTER
They've found us!

"NORFOLK" CAPTAIN (v.o.)
We are responding to a distress beacon in your vicinity.

STEVE
It was the tug! When she sank she sent up her automatic beacon!

"NORFOLK" CAPTAIN (v.o.)
Ahoy, is this the Research Vessel Vladislov Volkov? Your government's worried about you, Volkov, what is the nature of your distress? If you cannot respond, send up a flare.

Steve opens a DRAWER, rifles through it. He pulls out a FLARE GUN and several FLARE CARTRIDGES.

STEVE
No problem, Norfolk.

Steve leans out the door. Aims the flare gun skyward.

FOSTER
Steve, stop.
(Steve turns around)
We can't.

STEVE
What do mean, we *can't*?

FOSTER
This thing's isolated here, on this ship. We can't infect another. We can't let that ship board us.

A long, chilling pause. Steve lowers the gun.

STEVE
You're right.
(stares at Foster and Nadia)
Are we in this together?
(they nod yes)
'Cause that ship's our last chance for

STEVE (cont'd)
survival.
(they nod yes)
Then let's do it. One question: How?

NADIA
Flood the hold with fuel and detonate it.

FOSTER
We'll be to the edge of the storm in a half hour. At this latitude the water temperature's about 78. There's a chance we'll survive.

STEVE
There's a better chance we won't.

A sudden ominousness. Something is staring at them. They turn and look.

IN THE DOORWAY is CAPTAIN EGERTON, back-lit, silhouetted.

FOSTER
Captain Egerton!

Egerton walks into the light, dragging cables behind him. His head and torso rest atop a mechanical armature. He's a biomechanoid.

CAPTAIN EGERTON
(mechanical voice)
In a manner of speaking.

Foster, wide-eyed, terrified, backs away.

BIO CAPTAIN EGERTON
Foster, don't you know me? It's me, Bob, your Captain.

They stare at Egerton's grotesqueness. Half his skull is peeled back, revealing BLUE GEL surrounding his brain.

BIO CAPTAIN EGERTON
Is something wrong?

Bio Captain Egerton advances on Foster. She picks up a chair and breaks it across his face. No effect. The Biomechanoid viciously BACKHANDS Foster, flooring her.

BIO CAPTAIN EGERTON
I'm your Captain! You will treat me with respect!

STEVE grabs a fire axe and rushes Bio-Captain Egerton, burying the axe in his chest. The Biomechanoid grabs Steve with one arm and hammers him with its fist. Steve HITS the antenna console and drops to the floor unconscious.

FOSTER rises into FRAME, pistol in hand.

FOSTER
We know where you're going.

BIO CAPTAIN EGERTON
Yes. The communications hub for the entire South Pacific. Like you said.
(smiles)
There's a whole world waiting.

Foster FIRES, hitting Bio Captain Egerton between the eyes. Blood and wire EXPLODE.

BIO CAPTAIN EGERTON
That hurts.

Bio-Captain Egerton steps forward. Foster lowers her gun and FIRES into his chest, again and again.

NADIA pulls a thermite grenade from her satchel. She sneaks behind the advancing biomechanoid, pulls the pin and stuffs the grenade in the cables entwined in its spine.

NADIA
GET BACK!

STEVE regains consciousness.

The grenade DETONATES. WHITE HOT CINDERS erupt from the biomechanoid; thermite plasma BURNS through its spine, melting the steel endoskeleton.

INT. ANTENNA MAINTENANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bio-Captain Egerton falls backward through the door, FLAILING on the floor, throwing SPARKS. His voice mechanism emits a SCREECHING version of the electronic SQUEAL. The thermite grenade falls and begins BURNING through the deck.

The THERMITE PLASMA burns a wider and wider hole in the deck. Finally, with a CRASH, the grenade and the screeching Bio Captain Egerton plunge through the smoking hole.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, E DECK - NIGHT

Camera pushes in on the MAIN FRAME COMPUTER. Electricity arcs across the room; it SCREECHES, matching Bio-Captain Egerton's SCREECH.

INT. ANTENNA MAINTENANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Steve, Foster, and Nadia slowly approach the smoking hole. They peer down into blackness.

STEVE
How's that for respect, Captain?

Foster tosses LIFE JACKETS to Steve and Nadia.

FOSTER
Come on.

STEVE
Wait a minute, I'm not gonna get welded in down there again.

NADIA
There's a different way. No corridors, no doors.

INT. AFT EMERGENCY SCUTTLE - STORM - NIGHT

Steve, Foster, and Nadia descend a ladder in the ship's thin emergency scuttle, heading toward the ship's hold, 60 feet below them in the darkness.

INT. HOLD - STEAM PIPE ROOM - NIGHT

Steve, Foster and Nadia creep across PIPING toward the ship's FUEL FILTER BAYS. Nadia looks around nervously. Steve has an AK-47 at the ready. Foster looks over her shoulder, searching for attacking biomechanoids.

They push through pipes into an area outside the fuel bay.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE FUEL BAY - NIGHT

From the darkness of a side corridor, something BIG, moving FAST, comes at them. Everyone JUMPS, whirling, their rifles trained on the approaching SILHOUETTE.

THE SILHOUETTE approaches, looped with cables.
STEVE'S FINGER tenses on the trigger.

RICHIE emerges into the light, carrying 500 feet of 1/8

steel cable, and another 250 feet of rope.

FOSTER
Richie, you scared the shit out of us!

Richie raises his pistol. His eyes are crazed. They back away.

FOSTER
Richie, it's us.

RICHIE
How do I know that?

STEVE
We're blowin' the ship, come on.

Richie looks them over, concluding they're human.

RICHIE
Don't worry about me.

Richie backs down the corridor.

FOSTER
Richie, don't be a fool!

He disappears into darkness.

OMIT
INT. FUEL OIL FILTER BAY, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- TWO HANDS turn an open/shut valve wheel, opening the ship's fuel ballast tanks into the hold.

-- FROM A HUGE SPOUT, the ship's FUEL OIL SPLASHES out at a hundred gallons per second.

-- NADIA turns a second Open/Shut wheel, opening another spout. FOSTER, five feet away, opens a THIRD SPOUT.

-- The THREE STREAMS of fuel oil pour into the ship's hold.

INT. FUEL OIL FILTER BAY, E DECK - LATER

A deck above, we see the fuel oil filling the ship's hold.

Steve removes a thermite grenade from Nadia's satchel. Nadia and Foster prepare a MAKESHIFT DETONATOR.

INT. MACHINE ROOM, E DECK - MAIN COMPUTER - STORM - NIGHT

All hell is breaking loose. Lights are FLASHING like we've never seen them before.

TWO DROIDS suddenly slow, then stop, completely inert. Their power is being drained.

ANOTHER BIOMECHANOID collapses, falling to the floor, its power also drained.

ELECTRICITY is drained from the droids and biomechanisms back to the main computer. All of the ship's electrical power seems to be refocusing back into the mainframe.

ARCS OF ELECTRICITY crisscross the room as the alien creature passes from the mainframe computer into a HUGE CABLE, six times larger than any we've seen.

The HUGE CABLE JUMPS as the alien creature surges across it, moving toward --

A MAMMOTH ARMATURE we can't yet see (referred to hereafter as GOLIATH). SPARKS shower the room. Goliath's giant steel spine arches. A hydraulic arm WHIRS through frame. Legs extend. Another BURST of energy as the creature's intelligence transfers itself into its biggest creation.

ANOTHER FLASH illuminates the creature's shadow on the wall.

A GROTESQUE ARM made of flesh, bone, and steel rips the HUGE CABLE from its spine like a used umbilical cord.

GOLIATH'S SHADOWY SHAPE makes its first step, throwing the entire FRAME into DARKNESS.

The MAIN FRAME COMPUTER is dark now, devoid of life.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

In the shadows, Richie prepares a makeshift detonator. He duct-tapes a GRENADE CLUSTER to a stack of warheads, then gently connects the 500 foot cable to a grenade's pin. He attaches the cable's other end to his escape pod.

RICHIE smiles.

RICHIE
Little good-bye gift.

INT. FUEL OIL FILTER BAY, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Steve attaches the thermite grenade to a timer. He sets the clock at 15:00 and attaches it (IN SOME CLEVER WAY TO BE DETERMINED) above the fuel bay. The timer begins counting down: 14:59...14:58....14:57....

STEVE
I gave us fifteen minutes.

Steve, Foster, and Nadia don the life jackets, SNAPPING themselves in, checking each other. They move for the door.

BANG-RIP! Steve, Foster, and Nadia stop dead.

With one blow, Goliath has smashed A CORNER of the huge steel cargo door inward, revealing HALF HIS FORM. 12 feet tall, 4 mammoth hydraulic legs, wrapped in human flesh, and 4 powerful arms. <u>This is the Alien's mobile form.</u> <u>In its center is a block of blue gel containing its life force</u>. Blue Electrical arcs snap across its body.

NADIA, STEVE, AND FOSTER look at each other in horror.

BANG! Goliath smashes the door inward, from top to middle, revealing more of his shape. He enters the room.

Goliath moves on Steve, STRIKING him a vicious blow, KNOCKING him across the room.

FOSTER and NADIA SCREAM.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Richie straps himself to the seat of the escape pod. He picks up the makeshift LAUNCH CONTROL PANEL.

RICHIE
So long, suckers.

Suddenly FOSTER and NADIA'S SCREAMS crackle over Richie's walkie-talkie. Richie listens, his brow knitting. We hear the sound of ALL HELL BREAKING LOOSE.

HOLD ON on Richie's face.
He unstraps himself.

INT. FUEL OIL FILTER BAY, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Steve lies unconcious in the corner. GOLIATH turns on Foster and Nadia. They take cover behind a steel support beam. Goliath moves forward.

With a backhand blow, Goliath SPLITS the beam in half, knocking Foster and Nadia across the room. They slide across the floor into an open ladder well.

IN THE LADDER WELL - Foster plummets, just managing to grab a ladder rung. Nadia hits Foster and caroms off her, landing with a THUMP on the deck below.

GOLIATH tears the room apart, looking for the detonator.

FOSTER dangles in the darkness, her grip slipping. She DROPS into the shadows, falling three stories.

INT. FUEL OIL LAKE - CARGO BAY, F DECK - NIGHT

SPLASH! Foster lands in the hold's LAKE OF FUEL OIL. She bobs to the surface, fuel oil coating her face and hair. She spits oil, disoriented. In a few minutes the thermite grenade will drop. She raises her flashlight out of the oil and shines it around, trying to get her bearings.

SOMETHING bobs next to her. SOMETHING ELSE bobs beyond that. She moves the flashlight, seeing more. Her eyes adjust. She suddenly realizes and SCREAMS.

It's the CORPSES of the Russian crew, hundreds bobbing in fuel oil. Foster struggles to get out, SCREAMING.

Her heart stops. Something HUGE and DARK wades through the oil toward her, pushing bodies aside. It's...GOLIATH.

Foster kicks, SCREAMING, desperately trying to swim. It's a nightmare. She feels a huge, cold hand close around her ankle, and she's RIPPED backward, submerging in the oil.

Foster blacks out.

INT. CORRIDOR, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

THUMP! Foster's head, dripping fuel oil, is pulled along the floor. Goliath's MASSIVE LEGS take a sharp turn; Foster's inert body is pulled around the corner.

INT. E DECK - MACHINE ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

Foster opens her eyes to the following predicament:

She is hung spread-eagle on the workroom's back wall, Goliath looms over her. Next to Goliath are two computer monitors. One prints everything Goliath says. The other displays computer graphics of the HUMAN FEMALE'S MAJOR PAIN CENTERS. From Goliath's Swiss-army like instrument center,

a drill folds down and begins to WHIRRR!

A VOICE emits from a speaker in Goliath's chest.

GOLIATH
(Russian, subtitled)
Do you speak Russian?
(English)
Do you speak English?

FOSTER
Fuck you.

GOLIATH
English. Where is the detonator?

FOSTER
I forgot.

INT. HOLD, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

In the oily darkness, AN ARM reaches down and clasps ANOTHER ARM covered with oil, pulling it up toward the scuttle.

STEVE AND NADIA are going after Foster.

INT. E DECK MACHINE ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

Goliath's DRILL BIT descends to a position directly opposite one of Foster's knees. It inches toward her kneecap.

FOSTER, sickened and in shock, anticipates the excrutiating pain. She turns her face away.

The DRILL BIT bites into her knee. Foster's face screws into a grimace; she locks her eyes shut.

CRASH! The door bursts open.

FOSTER, startled, opens her eyes. Goliath turns, drilling a gouge across Foster's thigh. Foster's SCREAMS are drowned out by MACHINE GUN FIRE.

STEVE, dripping blood, life jacket shredded, and NADIA, covered in oil, advance into the room, FIRING!

Steve rushes Goliath, JABS his gun barrel into Goliath's blue gel ENERGY SOURCE, and unleashes thirty rounds.

GOLIATH rotates, yanks the gun from Steve's hand and SMASHES Steve across the room. Goliath turns on Nadia.

NADIA and FOSTER, exhausted and in shock, look past Goliath. Something is coming at them.

FOSTER'S POV - in blurry, dreamlike vision, A RED FIERY OBJECT, seemingly in SLOW MOTION, screams toward her, growing in size and fiery intensity. What in the world...?

It's AN RPG GRENADE PROJECTILE. It slams into Goliath's chest, blowing him twenty feet across the room where he lands with a CRASH and a shower of sparks.

NADIA and FOSTER, startled, watch as --

RICHIE runs up with the grenade launcher!

RICHIE
Get Foster, I'll get Steve!

NADIA runs to Foster and begins cutting her down. RICHIE runs to Steve, who is groggily getting to his feet.

RICHIE
Let's get outta here, man!

GOLIATH rises into frame, armature smoking and sparking.

Richie and Steve rush to the door. Goliath grabs a steel girder supporting the room's upper-deck and TEARS it down, bringing the steel ceiling and A TON OF STEEL PIPING AND DEBRIS down on Steve and Richie.

FOSTER
STEVE...! RICHIE...!

Foster lunges toward them; Nadia yanks her back.

NADIA
THEY'RE DEAD! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

Nadia pulls Foster out the door; Foster looks back at the steel deck under which Steve and Richie disappeared.

GOLIATH rotates 180 degrees and, without changing the orientation of its legs, starts CLOMPING toward them.

INT. CORRIDOR NEAR MACHINE ROOM, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Foster and Nadia dash up the corridor. Goliath CLOMPS after them. Foster and Nadia scramble through a water-tight door and spin the hatchwheel shut. They hear Goliath's SCREECH and electronic SQUEAL on the other side. Suddenly a dent

BUCKLES the metal. BANG! Another dent.

Foster and Nadia run for their lives.

They scramble through a second water-tight door next to a stairwell leading to upper decks. Foster spins shut the hatchwheel. They hear WRENCHING metal. Goliath is ripping through the first door and moving to the second.

Through the door's window, they see GOLIATH moving through the first doorway, his lights glaring.

Nadia and Foster turn and dash down the corridor to the upperdeck stairwell. They ascend.

OMIT
INT. D DECK - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Foster and Nadia come up the stairs. Below, they hear Goliath tear the second watertight door off its hinges.

Something drops on Foster, then Nadia. They SCREAM. Foster, clawing and batting the things away --

-- crashes into a door which swings open. She falls inside, flailing and clawing, pulling down shelving.

She pulls a COUPLE LIMP DROIDS, swinging on cable, from her face. She looks next to her. Hanging in the closet is --

-- a rack of orange SURVIVAL SUITS. Foster grabs one.

FOSTER
Survival suits. We can float for two days in these. Nadia, we have a chance!

She tosses a suit to Nadia and quickly slips into her own. Nadia just stands there.

FOSTER
Hurry!

NADIA
I'm not leaving, Kit. Not until I know it's dead.

Nadia exits down the corridor. Foster takes off after her.

INT. E DECK MACHINE ROOM - STORM - NIGHT

A girder moves. Then another.

STEVE, bruised and bloodied, claws out of the debris.

STEVE
Richie? RICHIE!

Some pipes and debris move. Steves sees RICHIE'S LEGS. He struggles to pull Richie from the rubble. Suddenly freezes.

RICHIE'S CHEST is impaled with a steel pipe. The wound is mortal, clearly not survivable. Steve kneels beside him.

STEVE
We all thought you deserted us.

RICHIE
Shows you how smart I am.
(gurgles blood)
Listen to me, Steve. There's a way off this ship. Get to the missile room.

STEVE
The missile room....?

RICHIE
You'll understand when you get there.
But do me a favor....
(gasps)
Kill that fuckin' thing....

Richie dies. Steve, anguished, shuts Richie's eyelids.

INT. OIL DRUM STORAGE BAY, E DECK - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Foster races after Nadia down the stairs.
Below is the ship's OIL AND KEROSENE STORAGE BAY.

FOSTER
The ship's going to go any second!
We've done all we can!

The reach the bottom of the stairs.
Both women freeze.

NADIA
No we haven't.

GOLIATH stands there, waiting.

GOLIATH
(mechanical voice)
Where is the detonator?

His lights bore down on Foster and Nadia, blinding them. They're frozen, deer caught in headlights.

Nadia turns to Foster with desperate, piercing eyes.

NADIA
Tell the world what happened here.

Nadia turns to Goliath and steps forward.

NADIA
You want the detonator? I'll tell you where it is.

FOSTER
(confused, terrified)
Nadia?

Goliath CLOMPS toward Nadia, CLANKING to a stop. He reaches out his HYDRAULIC HAND, locking it around Nadia's shoulder.

GOLIATH lifts her off her feet.
Nadia pulls the last THERMITE GRENADE from under her coat.

FOSTER
NO, NADIA!!

Nadia pulls the grenade pin and clutches it to her, her eyes burning. FOSTER sees the safety lever SPIN away.

FOSTER dives away as --

THE GRENADE EXPLODES, followed by a SECONDARY EXPLOSION of kerosene and oil. Nadia and Goliath disappear in FLAMES.

FOSTER is blown across the floor, ducking the FLAMING FRAGMENTS and oil drums which RICOCHET and SPIN toward her.

Foster gets to her feet, gasping for air, dripping oil and bleeding from the knee. She looks back slowly, desperately.

FOSTER
Nadia....

She hears CLANKING.
GOLIATH emerges from the flames, unscathed, looking for her.

FOSTER moves behind a pillar, frozen with terror, with no escape, almost certain of death.

But Goliath walks to the bulkhead door. Doesn't see her. Foster looks around desperately. She makes a decision and

dashes for a hatchway leading to the ship's exterior.

INT. STORAGE BAY CORRIDOR, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Foster races down the corridor. Wrong decision.
She arrives at the sealed bulkhead of the cargo hold.

INT. FUEL OIL FILTER BAY, E DECK

The detonator which Foster, Steve and Nadia set above the fuel oil lake hits 00:00. The thermite grenade fuse LIGHTS and falls like a FLARE through the DARKNESS.

OMIT
INT. HOLD, F DECK - STORM - NIGHT

The thermite grenade SPLASHES into the fuel oil. A pulse of flame, then an enormous EXPLOSION BURSTS in the oil. A spout of FLAMING fuel SHOOTS UP the aft deck hatch.

INT. CARGO BAY, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

The EXPLOSION throws Foster against the bulkhead.

EXT. VOLKOV - TOP DECK - NIGHT

The explosion RIPS through the ship, blowing a hole in the deck, throwing out red hot metal and FLAMING debris.

OMIT
EXT. HULL OF VOLKOV - UNDERWATER BENEATH THE SHIP

A hundred feet of the ship's belly RIPPPS OUT.

FULL SHOT - VLADISLAV VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

Half the ship's side BLOWS away. A FIRE BALL rises into the skies above the ship.

OMIT
EXT. VLADISLAV VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

The ship's STERN sinks beneath the waves.

INT. CORRIDOR, E DECK - STORM - NIGHT

The ship is going down fast.
Foster desperately struggles to her feet.

The wall next to her RIPPPS open.
GOLIATH forces his way through the steel gash. His arms lunge for her; she just manages to slip away.

FOSTER runs, squeezing between a stack of metal containers. She's panicked, her lungs burn, she breathes in gulps. She's confused which direction leads where.

She looks over her shoulder. The SOUND of wrenching metal.

She ignores her burning lungs and races on. She almost breaks down crying when she arrives at another sealed bulkhead. She's trapped. She turns.

GOLIATH explodes through the steel containers; they topple down around Foster. There's no escape now.

Goliath's BLINDING LIGHTS move closer. 15, then 10 feet. Foster resigns herself. She's going to die.

Suddenly STEEL PIPES AND PLATING RAIN DOWN on Goliath, SLAMMING HIM into the wall.

Foster looks up, amazed to see --

STEVE, on the D-Deck catwalk above. He throws down a rope.

STEVE
Climb!

Foster clutches the rope and starts pulling herself up.

GOLIATH, pinned against the wall, THRASHES around. He pushes off metal plating and bends pipes aside.

The SOUND of WRENCHING metal, CRUNCHING bone, and the electronic SQUEAL. Goliath reaches for Foster's rope.

FOSTER madly shimmies up the rope.

GOLIATH'S FINGERS close around the rope. He YANKS it downward just as Foster makes it to the top, where STEVE grabs her. Another EXPLOSION shakes the ship.

The rope, without Foster, falls to the floor.

EXT. VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

The Explosion sheers THE SATELLITE DISH from its base. The dish CRASHES into the railing and FALLS into the sea.

INT. CARGO BAY, D DECK CATWALK - STORM - NIGHT

Steve pulls Foster onto the D Deck CATWALK floor. They lie there panting, out of breath

STEVE
Richie's dead. C'mon, we've got to get to the missile room.
(off her look)
I'll explain later!

ON THE DECK BELOW - Goliath looks up.

INT. CARGO BAY, D DECK LANDING - STORM - NIGHT

Foster and Steve run for the exit.

STEVE
Quick! Here!

INT. CARGO BAY/DOORWAY TO SCUTTLE, D DECK LANDING

Steve opens the door and stops. He looks at Foster; she back at him. They stare deeply into each other's eyes. There's A SUDDEN EXPLOSION of fire in the hold behind them. Foster GRABS Steve, holding him tight.

STEVE
We're gonna make it.

They head into a scuttle to the upper decks. Foster mounts the ladder first, then Steve. They climb desperately.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

Foster and Steve open a hatch at the top of the scuttle. They pull themselves into the missile room.

Steve and Foster, amazed, look around at the dozens of things Richie has taken apart.

They look at Richie's strange contraption, the ESCAPE POD. They look inside the MISSILE TUBE and the WELDED CHAIR with seat belts beneath it.

FOSTER
You're not actually suggesting....

STEVE
You have a better idea?

FOSTER
But it's only made for one.

STEVE
You want to flip a coin? Get in.

They hear WRENCHING of metal from below.

STEVE
I said get in.

Steve sits Foster in the chair. She struggles, but he's too strong for her. He begins strapping her in.

FOSTER
Goddamn it Baker, I'm not leaving without you...!

Steve grabs Richie's MAKESHIFT LAUNCH CONTROL BOX. It has a toggle switch and two buttons marked 1 and 2. Steve flips it to the "on" position. A red light blinks above Button 1.

The WRENCHING SOUND continues below.
FOSTER is now strapped into the harness.

STEVE
Buy that island for me, okay?

They stare into each other's eyes. Steve pulls her tight. And kisses her long and hard.

Behind them THE FLOOR EXPLODES UPWARD.
Goliath's STEEL ARMS wrench up through the floor.

Steve hits Button 1. The room SHUDDERS, but the rocket engine doesn't fire. A 20 ft. BLAST DEFLECTOR SHIELD rises up from the floor, blocking Goliath.

Goliath pulls himself over the deflector shield and strikes out at them. Steve flails wildly with his feet.

STEVE
Press the button and GO!

Foster, loops one of the harness straps through the back of Steve's life jacket.

FOSTER
Not without you!

Goliath's HYDRAULIC HAND closes on STEVE'S LEG.
Foster hits Button 1.

EXT. VOLKOV - NIGHT

The rocket BLASTS OFF, CABLE playing out behind it. Foster and Steve are YANKED up the missile tube. A SECOND CABLE unspools behind them.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

The missile, pulling Foster and Steve, blasts through the skies above the Volkov.

INT. MISSILE ROOM, C DECK - STORM - NIGHT

GOLIATH turns. The SECOND CABLE yanks the pin from RICHIE'S MAKESHIFT DETONATOR, his good-bye gift, attached to the ships's entire arsenal of Surface-to-Air missiles.

Four trillion kilowatts DETONATE in the little room.

EXT. ROCKET SLED/OCEAN - STORM - NIGHT

STEVE AND FOSTER look below as the ship detonates.

EXT. VOLKOV - STORM - NIGHT

FLASH! The sea around the Volkov steams into the air. The ocean surface craters, pushing out a shock wave of water. A rising CLOUD of FIRE and STEAM punches a hole in the storm and whites out the night sky.

EXT. ROCKET SLED/OCEAN - STORM - NIGHT

Foster and Steve ROCKET PAST CAMERA in a blur. A WHITE FLASH of PARACHUTE SILK billows open behind them. Steve and Foster SNAP upward, violently decelerating.

The escape pod descends to the sea. It slices through an oncoming wave and splashes down.

INT. BRIDGE - RESEARCH VESSEL NORFOLK - STORM - NIGHT

The Captain turns to the bridge window to see the BLAST of the Vladislav Volkov over the horizon.

NORFOLK CAPTAIN
That's one helluva flare...

EXT. OCEAN - CLEAR DAY

The sun shines down on calm seas.
The sea bobs with the wreckage of the Vladislav Volkov.
Pieces of the pulverized ship.

A swell DROPS, revealing Foster and Steve floating amid the debris. Foster, in the survival suit, holds Steve tight.

CLOSE ON FOSTER AND STEVE, bobbing. Steve's teeth chatter. He's suffering from exposure and hypothermia.

A sudden wind picks up, whipping the sea around them into a maelstrom of raging water.

A SHADOW crosses Foster's face. She opens her eyes. A "NORFOLK" RESCUE HELICOPTER hovers above her head.

WIDER, the "NORFOLK" is a short distance away.

EXT. RESEARCH VESSEL "NORFOLK" - DECK - DAY

Crew members lower Foster onto the deck, and gently place her on a stretcher. Steve is immediately lowered onto a second stretcher.

Steve and Foster lie on the deck side by side.

STEVE
Hey, Foster.

FOSTER
Yeah?

STEVE
Thanks.

FOSTER
For what?

STEVE
You know...

FOSTER
Don't mention it.

VOICE (o.s.)
Need another hand?

Foster looks toward the familiar

RICO stands there. His arm and leg in casts.

FOSTER
Rico!

Foster throws her arms around him, her emotions catching up with her. A tear slides down her cheek.

FOSTER
Oh, Rico!

Rico grasps Steve's hand.

RICO

Richie?

Steve lowers his eyes. Rico turns to Foster.

RICO

Nadia too?

Foster nods.

Four burly SAILORS lift them and carry them toward the ship's medical bay. Steve never relinquishes his grip on Foster's hand.

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN - CLEAR DAY

We PULL BACK across the Norfolk's deck, higher and higher until the Norfolk is nothing more than a grey speck against a giant sea of blue.

FADE OUT.